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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It was said of an eighteenth-century leader that to think of his career as at an end was like thinking of the end of a nation. Such hyperbole is out of fashion now, but there is no doubt that the close of a career like Lord Cromer's is a national much more than a personal event. The importance of it is great; and when the Foreign Secretary—who governs himself in expression more than any leader in politics to-day—declares that the loss means more than he can say, the public may feel sure of this. Lord Cromer's half-century of public work includes thirty years of Egyptian service—and Egypt has not been ruled by so famous a ruler as he has proved himself since the time of Joseph.

Lord Cromer's career, and what the close of it means to Egypt, are things worth dwelling on; and we do not profess ourselves able to have it all summed and served up in a matter of hours after the announcement. The "instantaneous-shutter" form of journalism, no doubt, is called for in many matters—you touch a spring and the article is written. But the portrait of a man like Lord Cromer requires a slightly longer exposure than this, and we propose to hold it over for a week. A signal fact about his career in Egypt is its level character: there has been little, if any, sensation about it—no raids, no upsetting of apple-carts, no sudden spurts and deplorable reactions to speak of, no threats of resignation. Lord Cromer strikes us as quite singular in discretion, sagacity: this, combined with a swift strength at critical times, makes indeed a notable man.

No better choice of a successor to Lord Cromer could have been found than Sir Eldon Gorst. He is in every way fitted, alike by training and temperament, to take

up and carry on the great work which has already been accomplished. Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Cromer himself are of one mind on that point. Lord Cromer apart, no British statesman knows Egypt more thoroughly, and in returning to Cairo he will merely have to gather up the threads of policy with which he has been intimately associated for twenty years. Whilst it is quite true that he goes back to meet old friends, he will also have to meet a new situation. The so-called Nationalist movement is a disturbing element in an otherwise happy prospect.

There can be no mistake as to the purpose with which the colonial Premiers have come to London for the Conference which is to open on Monday next. They have travelled from the far capitals of the Empire to discuss business, and business only. Mr. Deakin, in his emphatic way, has announced that they look for something more than mere sentiment. There will be much to review in regard to colonial obligations in the matter of defence and Imperial obligations in the matter of diplomacy. But the crux of the Conference will be trade relations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude may be more in accord with his Cobdenite convictions than either his colleagues in Canada or his fellow Premiers will approve. We know that he personally asks for no return for the preference given by the Dominion to British goods, but his views are not shared by the Minister of Finance, and he will no doubt find it expedient to support the resolutions which Mr. Deakin and others have prepared.

That the colonies will vote solid for an inter-Imperial tariff is certain. The Imperial Government will, perhaps for the first time, realise how much there was after all in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Economists who a couple of years ago were horrified at the idea of a tariff which might involve the colonies, now understand that the colonies are eager to negotiate such a tariff, and the last ditch left to the opponents of preference is the possibility of hardship being inflicted on the consumer at home. Nor can either the colonial Premiers or the Imperial Government be in any doubt as to the progress of the tariff reform movement. When the London Chamber of Commerce voted for it, Free Traders demanded that

the vote should be subjected to a scrutiny. The result shows 1,077 for and 472 against preference. Precisely how Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Elgin will meet the colonial advances no one knows. If their attitude is hopeless, the effect will probably be some arrangement between the colonies themselves which will leave Great Britain out in the cold.

Mr. Bryce's assurances whilst he was in Canada that British diplomacy, in its dealings with the United States, has been criticised unfairly have naturally tended to increase the apprehension with which his appointment to Washington was regarded "over the border". Of the report that a new Joint Commission to settle fishery and other differences between the Republic and the Dominion is being negotiated, neither Canadian nor British Ministers have yet any knowledge. But that need not be taken as proof that Mr. Bryce is not busy trying his 'prentice hand. Mr. Root has declared that an International Commission will be necessary to a final understanding; and is it unreasonable to anticipate that what Mr. Root desires Mr. Bryce will be prepared to recommend to his Government? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the eve of his departure for London, stated his views as to American pretensions and British diplomacy pretty clearly. Canada wants no more Joint Commissions on which she is not directly represented. Washington goodwill is dearly purchased at the risk of Canadian loyalty.

Toulon and Cartagena have been centres of great interest this week in the tour of the King and Queen. The King's visit to the battleship "Iéna" was an incident which will produce the same effect on Frenchmen as it has done on Englishmen. They will appreciate the fine tone of the King's remarks that it was the desire to pay homage to the brave sailors and not curiosity which prompted his visit. At Cartagena the personal and family note in the meeting was prominent. The King of Spain's references to the visit to England two years ago which marked in his life a decisive moment for his personal happiness, and King Edward's regret for the absence of the Spanish Queen though the occasion of it was one for rejoicing, mark the real feeling which accompanied the commonplaces of international courtesies. As to the conversations of Ministers and ambassadors, this is all newspaper correspondents' surplusage, and no one supposes that at Cartagena any treaty or convention was signed about anything.

M. Clemenceau and M. Briand must be thoroughly tired of striking priests, and school teachers, and electricians, and now a new trouble of the same sort has arisen in the newly-begun strike of the workpeople engaged in the baking and provisioning trades of Paris on the Sunday rest-day question. M. Jaurès will be worrying them again to know why the bakers should not be interfered with by the Government as the electricians were—meaning of course that neither of them should be. The Government has a strong case in dealing with the agitation amongst State officials, who are really inspired by general discontent rather than specific grievances, and their claims to go on strike. It is evident that combined strikes of these servants might upset the whole Government administration. M. Clemenceau has issued a statement to the school teachers that the Government cannot go further than grant them the right of taking legal action against arbitrary administrative proceedings. He sets out the privileges they as Government servants possess over the ordinary working man. They have fixed salaries, with steady promotion and no fear of dismissal, their children have gratuitous college education, they have special fares on the railways, and they get pensions. There is a decision of the Court of Cassation that State officials are outside the trade-union law; and the Ministers of all the State departments are determined on ensuring observance of the law by all Government employees.

The French are settling themselves in Ujda as if they anticipated a longish stay. This seems likely, though the Sultan, in communicating the news to his subjects

at Fez, remarked that the French were there contrary to all treaties and without justification, and trusted that matters would be speedily arranged and Ujda be evacuated. He has replied to the demands of the French Legation, but quite unsatisfactorily. One result of the occupation, however, has been the arrest of one of M. Charbonnier's murderers. But in connection with Morocco the subject most prominent is the possible better understanding between France and Germany, which has been much discussed in both the French and the German press. The conclusion of an agreement between the two Governments as to the wireless telegraph stations in Morocco is taken to be a hopeful preliminary to the settlement of other contentions. In this connexion the Baghdad Railway is figuring prominently. Germany seems to be preparing the ground for bargaining and getting French support for the railway. This is distinctly a question in which Great Britain and Russia, as well as France and Germany, are concerned; nor is France at all likely, with so many suspicions of Germany, to do anything which will compromise her position with the other two Powers.

Rather sensational statements were made in the earlier part of the week about troops pouring into S. Petersburg and the dissolution of the Douma being at hand. But no open conflict has arisen between the Ministry and the Douma. There has been an endeavour on the part of the Socialists by rejection of the Budget to bring matters to a crisis, but it was foiled by the great majority voting for the Budget to go to Committee. In the speech by the Finance Minister, M. Kokovtsoff, answering the points raised during the debate, he spoke of the matter which we mentioned last week as to the constitutional control of the Douma over the Budget. The whole of the estimates amount to £247,000,000. Of this sum £119,000,000, or not quite half, represents definite obligations such as the interest on loans, the repayment of Treasury Bonds and other charges fixed by specific laws which could not be touched by the Douma except by the repeal of such laws. We may compare those with many of the charges in our own Budget which it is often complained are out of the control of Parliament, which must simply provide money already allocated to various purposes by statute.

The business or talk of the week in the House of Commons has been the second reading debate on the Territorial and Reserve Army Bill. On Tuesday Mr. Wyndham, who is working very hard in Parliament just now, attacked the scheme in principle and detail. Sir Charles Dilke was not much kinder. Next day Mr. Arnold-Forster renewed the attack, and was acrid at the expense of the Secretary for War: "For eighteen months the air has rung with his eloquence, but all he has actually done is to destroy." It is an interesting coincidence that in India at the present moment Lord Kitchener is actually doing what Mr. Haldane is talking about—re-creating an effective army. He has practically completed the re-armament of the artillery for the field army, and is deep in the work of re-organising the personnel. But then Lord Kitchener is not a parliamentary leader.

Mr. Birrell in reply to a telegram from a Dublin newspaper asking whether it was true, as had been stated, that the Government had abandoned definitely the idea of introducing an Irish University Bill this session, answered that the statement was wholly unauthorised and without foundation. The form of the question however must be noticed before it can be appreciated how far Mr. Birrell's reply is a contradiction to the reports published by the "Irish Times" and the "Times" that Mr. Bryce's scheme had been abandoned. The telegram does not ask whether Mr. Bryce's scheme was to be abandoned, and Mr. Birrell only says that a University Bill will be introduced this session. His contradiction in his speech in Ireland was quite vague, and neither the parties who are for, nor those who are against, the Bryce scheme can be sure whether the pending Government measure will or will not be based upon it.



At Annaghmore Cross, co. Tyrone, a few days ago, the "Sinn Fein" and the United Irish League had their first encounter with sticks and pitchforks and other weapons. If it had not been for the Royal Irish Constabulary, there would have been a really superior Irish row. The "Sinn Fein" is justifying its existence for "the encouragement of everything Irish". This society being a fairly new variety in Irish politics, it may be as well to say that "Sinn Fein" means "Ourselves Alone". The Leaguers do not respect this motto, and are determined to rouse them up. They are displeased with them because the "Sinn Fein" objects to the Irish members and the League for, of all things in the world, the reason that the United Irish League is a recognition of British supremacy!

The women suffragists held their first monster meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday and carried a resolution against the Government amid a scene of great levity. We fear these resolutions will—if they have any effect—merely strengthen the Government. The Hyde Park scene was rowdy and offensive to quiet citizens. Meanwhile Mrs. Griffith, who is one of the leading figures in the women's campaign against the women suffragists, has issued an appeal the logic of which is decidedly strong. "We hear the cry everywhere", she says, "that women want equality with men . . . do they realise what this equality involves? It means that they must take the rough as well as the smooth. They must not only take such work as is fit for women, but they must go out as soldiers or scavengers. I presume there are no women who wish to be either; and yet if we shriek for equal rights, I think we must not be surprised to find that we are expected to share all men's duties." We rather demur at the juxtaposition of soldiers and scavengers, but Mrs. Griffith rightly condemns the absurd cry about "equality". It reminds one of Rousseau's sentimental nonsense about all men being born equal; the world would be horribly monotonous if they were.

Miss Gawthorpe has written to the press to explain how she and Miss Ada Kenney cornered the Prime Minister on the Woman's Suffrage question. On the way to Cannes they were taking tea in the refreshment-car of the train when the Prime Minister came in and sat down at an adjoining table. The ladies did not know him nor he them. But they introduced themselves of course, and pumped him on woman's franchise. Unarmed, alone—what was the Prime Minister to do? He took it "sitting", and so would, we hope, ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen. However, when the lady proposes, the man is not by chivalry bound to say yes; and the Prime Minister ventured to say no—at least he said in effect "not just at present". It is a pleasant change to learn that after this it was not necessary to call in the police. But the ladies, clearly, gave him a bit of their minds. "We convinced him", says Miss Gawthorpe, "that the present agitation must continue until votes are given."

The result of the Thaw trial was still unknown late on Friday. The speeches of counsel and the summing-up were short considering the enormous length of time over which the evidence extended. It was not to be expected that the jury would be prepared to give a speedy verdict, but they have taken more time to consider than it was supposed they would. They were evidently divided, and according to speculations with which newspapers were amusing themselves in the meantime there was a majority for acquittal. Whatever the result may be, and whatever the influences acting on the jury, the Judge's directions in law were not in favour of acquittal. Indeed, it was remarkable that there was an air of old-fashioned rigidity about his definition of insanity from the point of view of modern English law.

It will be remembered that it was the Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire that raised the question of payment for religious teaching and were utterly routed in the House of Lords. They have suffered another well-deserved defeat in the High Court. In sheer religious bigotry they prosecuted parents for their children not attending school on Ascension Day, the

absence being due to the children's attendance at church. The Education Act excuses attendance on any day exclusively set apart for religious observance by the religious body to which the parent belongs. The pretext of the Council was that Ascension Day was not "exclusively" set apart for religious observance, and nothing else, under a statute of Edward VI. fixing certain holy days, and therefore the parents were not excused. Roman Catholic or Jew parents might claim the privilege, but not members of the Church of England. This scandalous attempt to turn the Education Acts into an instrument of tyranny has failed. Even if the Council had been legally right, what can be said for spending money in harrying parents in this fashion?

Canon MacColl will be remembered by most people as the persistent controversialist who backed up Mr. Gladstone in the Turkish atrocities campaign of the 'seventies. From the Irish Church disestablishment downwards indeed he attended Mr. Gladstone like his shadow. He received his City church of S. George's and his canonry of Ripon from him; and the Canon never attempted to deny that they were for services rendered. He was a Gladstonian in the Vatican controversy; and as Mr. Gladstone admired and visited Dr. Dollinger, so the Canon admired and visited the leader of the German Old Catholics. Another Gladstonian faculty he had too. With ecclesiastical views the opposite of Nonconformists', he was accepted by them in the fraternal spirit with which they regarded Mr. Gladstone himself. If to Greek and Armenian Mr. Gladstone was their champion, the Canon was his armour-bearer, and at his funeral the Greek Minister and Legation and representatives of Armenians were present. In spite of all disadvantages—for Dr. MacColl, like the other famous Scotsman Hugh Miller, began life in the stone quarry—he "got on". Hugh Miller however wasted his genius in ecclesiastical and political controversies; the Canon made the best of his in that arid field.

Mr. James Davis, known to the public of to-day as "Owen Hall", who died at Harrogate on Tuesday, was an original and remarkable man. His versatility and industry were prodigious. He was a solicitor, a barrister, a Conservative candidate for an Irish borough; he eloped with an heiress; he was imprisoned for libel; he was a bankrupt and a moneylender; he wrote a book on Stock Exchange "Options" as well as "The Gaiety Girl", "The Geisha", "The Artist's Model", "Florodora", "The Girl from Kay's", "Serjeant Brue", "The Cherub", &c. He owned racehorses and newspapers, "The Bat" and "The Phoenix". He had the shrewdness of his race in business; but if he was "alieni appetens" he was "sui profusus", for he was generous to a fault, and treated money like counters at Monte Carlo. His versatility prevented him from achieving a solid success, and at least four careers were spoiled in him. He was an incorrigible Bohemian, but of the splendid, not the squalid, sort.

Mr. Thomas Beecham made pills and a fortune. It is the happy destiny of pill-makers to be rich and famous. Carlyle did not make Morrison famous; he was that and rich before Carlyle thought of Morrison's pills for earthquakes. Will Beecham be the last of the great pill-makers? Morrison has long since departed; Holloway has gone, but lives in the higher education of women. We thought Beecham too was the shadow of a name, a posthumous firm as most pill-makers become. Perhaps the palmy days of all pill-makers are over. Human credulity and touching simplicity may take another direction and the Eddys and Dowies of the future reap the golden harvest.

Dr. Johnson reminds us that when the pedant in Hierocles wanted to sell his house he carried a brick about with him as a sample of its quality. To-day the material that goes to the making of a house—when it is not jerry-built—forms the basis of a big exhibition. We hear much of depression in the building trade. Olympia affords evidence only that it flourishes. If it does not flourish, the remarkable show which Mr. Montgomery M.P. has organised should give it a fillip. It is an exhibition of surprises. The man of tags will

learn that bricks are made without straw, and the man who builds of stone that science out-rivals Nature in the production of the finest marble.

The Board of Trade Returns are still a "record", the first quarter of 1907 being well in advance of 1906 in regard to both imports and exports. Yet wherever we hear business men discussing their affairs the complaint is that little of the improvement has come their way. The truth of course is that the Returns are not a trustworthy index. The totals do not show the conditions in which "booming" trade is carried on. As Mr. Charleton said at the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, enhanced bulk is too often accompanied by diminished profits. Competition at home and abroad was never so keen, and whilst more energy and more capital are needed to secure a margin of profit, business is handicapped by high bank rates and the tightness of money. Exports moreover may increase whilst the home market is going from bad to worse. These things the free importer finds it convenient to ignore when he enlarges on the "live" character of "dying" industries.

The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Plassey falls on 23 June, and Lord Curzon has made a very fine appeal, through the "Times", for a memorial of its hero. It is a strange fact that no great public statue of Clive stands in Great Britain or in India. Calcutta has effigies of Wellesley, Canning, Dalhousie, Mayo, Lawrence, Warren Hastings, Roberts, Outram; and Delhi now has its statue of Nicholson. But Clive, unquestionably the greatest of all and the first of all, primus in Indis, is represented neither in stone nor brass. Considering how we hunt the byeways as well as highways of English history and literature to-day for figures worth commemorating, it really is an extraordinary thing that Clive should have been thus by accident suppressed. An accident—of ingratitude—of course it is, for to-day his greatness and patriotism are no more doubted than are Wellington's or Pitt's.

One cannot help wishing, whenever one reads the story of how Clive was sent out to avenge the crime of the Black Hole at Calcutta, that he had seen his way to decline any dealing with the wretch Surajah Dowlah save that of the sword. The story is so moving that every man becomes a boy again in this feeling when he reads it. Clive can safely be bracketed with Marlborough as the greatest English man of deeds of the first half of the eighteenth century, and we really do not know whether actually greater genius in action can be found in English history. In his combination as civilian and military leader he somewhat recalls Cromwell. There is a saying "Beware when God lets loose a thinker on this planet". But it may be quite as interesting when a great man of action is let loose.

Though its critical references to the reprints of the unrevised and discarded editions of Ruskin which Messrs. Allenson, Dent, Fife and Routledge are bringing out are rather guarded, we are glad to find the "Daily Chronicle" putting pretty plainly before its readers the facts. "Ruskin", it says, "largely revised his earlier books. He wrote them when he was a very young man, and he lived both to regret some of his former modes of expression and to reconsider his general standpoint. The editions containing his revisions are still in copyright. The publishers of reprints issued without the authority of his literary representatives have therefore to fall back upon the early and unrevised editions which alone are common property." The "Chronicle" goes on to cite the case of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera". In this book Ruskin made a violent attack on Gladstone. Later he was ashamed of the passage and cancelled it, and the "Chronicle" clearly thinks it would be wrong to reprint the early and unrevised edition of "Fors Clavigera" containing this attack on Gladstone. It is quite true that it would be wrong. But the case of "Modern Painters" is of course equally bad—indeed it is much worse. We have been fairly astonished to notice the name of the Keeper of the King's Pictures as editing one of the reprints of the unrevised and discarded editions of this work! Has Mr. Lionel Cust read, does he know about this matter?

#### LORD CROMER'S LAST REPORT.

**L**ORD CROMER'S report on the state of Egypt, which is a document of State of the first order, derives increased importance from the resignation of the maker of modern Egypt. The fact that it contains a lengthy note on Egyptian Nationalism should serve as a warning that trouble may be expected from that movement, and we ought therefore to take serious note of it. Ostensibly the Egyptian Nationalists strive to introduce into Egypt popular government upon the English model, and they loudly demand a national Parliament to which the Administration should be responsible and subordinate. In reality their chief aim is to turn the English out of Egypt. Therefore their rallying-cry is "Egypt for the Egyptians".

To those who know Egypt it is perfectly clear that Egypt cannot defend her territory unaided, partly because of the unfavourable geographical structure of the country and the peculiar distribution of its population, partly because of the occupation and the historic character of the inhabitants. These are natural causes which cannot easily be altered by the hand of man, and which are responsible for the fact that during historic times Egypt has never been an independent State, and that since the battle of Pelusium, 525 B.C., and several decades before the birth of Herodotus, Egypt has been ruled by foreigners. Will she now be able to defend her independence single-handed against a world in arms? The natural conditions of the country and the experience of almost 2,500 years answers this question emphatically in the negative. Egypt is commercially, and still more strategically, a very desirable acquisition. Therefore the withdrawal of England from Egypt would mean for that country, not national liberty and independence but only a change of masters.

It is equally clear that Egypt cannot yet govern herself, though she may be able to govern herself in time to come. Self-government presupposes two factors: on the one hand a numerous and intelligent class who can spare the time necessary for the proper study of public affairs, and on the other a universal interest in, and understanding of, political questions among the masses. Neither of these factors exists in Egypt. If we remember that at the census of 1897, the last taken, only 9.5 per cent. of the men and 0.3 of the women were found able to read and write—the percentage of educated people has greatly increased since then, though exact figures are not yet available—it is clear that Egypt lacks the first condition required for self-government. For her, self-government would mean either anarchy or the tyranny of the Pashas thinly disguised under parliamentary forms.

The great majority of the inhabitants of Egypt are small hard-working peasants, and these take a far greater interest in matters concerning their daily bread, such as taxation, police, sufficiency of water, than in national representative government. The fellahs care most for a good Administration, and they have every reason to be quite satisfied with British rule. Former rulers of Egypt exploited the people without mercy. Mehemet Ali and Ismail, who piled up a National Debt of £100,000,000—two rulers whom the older men still remember—saw in Egypt their private domain. They and their favourites ground down the people on whose work they lived. Not only was the fellah overloaded with taxes, pressed into the army—which at one time comprised 160,000 men—ordered to forced labour and flogged with the courbash, but the water necessary for the irrigation of his crops was diverted from his land to the lands of the Khedive and his favourites. Egypt was ruled by the four C's—the corvée, the courbash, conscription, and corruption. The Egyptian cultivator was the most unfortunate worker on earth. Nowhere in Turkey was misrule more flagrant and more heartless than in Egypt. These were the fruits of national rule.

Since the English occupation, the tellah has been given justice and prosperity. He has been given water in plenty through the regulation of the Nile and the construction of the Assouan Reservoir; he is no longer robbed of his land or of his work; he can easily obtain justice in the Courts against the mightiest Pasha; he is lightly taxed; he can borrow money



at moderate rates; the corvée and conscription have been abolished; he has become free and very prosperous. Of 1,147,324 owners of land, more than 1,000,000 own five acres or less; and whilst the acreage possessed by these small holders has, during the last ten years, increased by 30 per cent., the acreage of the largest holders has decreased by 7 per cent. These figures eloquently prove that Egypt is being ruled for the greatest good of the greatest number. During the British occupation the productive power of the country and its population have doubled. Egypt has risen from bankruptcy to affluence because Lord Cromer followed the policy of "Egypt for the Egyptians" in the broadest sense of the word. These are the fruits of British rule.

The Egyptians cannot even complain of being ruled by Englishmen. First, the number of Egyptians possessing the technical skill or the strength of character required in certain branches of the Administration is quite inadequate. Secondly, out of 13,279 Civil servants 1,252, or 1 in 13, are Europeans, and only 662, or 1 in 20, are Englishmen.

The Nationalist agitators are a motley crowd composed largely of dismissed officials, disappointed concession-hunters, money-lenders, and exploiters of every sort who used to prey on the Egyptian people and who, not unnaturally, hate those European officials who have stopped their mischievous activity. According to Sir William Garstin's recent estimate, about £21,000,000 is to be spent on the further regulation of the Nile. The fact that this immense sum of money will be spent honestly for the benefit of the people and that no opportunity will occur of diverting the larger part of this sum into the pockets of influential exploiters, as was done in the olden times, has redoubled the clamour for self-government among the Nationalist agitators, and has increased their righteous indignation at the tyranny and oppression of their fatherland by foreigners.

The Nationalist agitation might be considered a subject for ridicule, had it not a very serious and somewhat disquieting aspect. The unrest which the Nationalist agitators have created may lead to dangerous consequences. The Nationalist agitators require widespread dissatisfaction among the people in order to secure for themselves an adequate following; and, as the masses are satisfied with the British occupation and British administration, both on political and economic grounds, they have appealed to their religious fanaticism. In the name of Pan-Islamism they are constantly calling upon the people of Egypt to rise and drive the Christian foreigners out of the country, and their propaganda is dangerous so far as the temperament of the lower classes is eminently mercurial. Aided by the freedom of the Press and possibly encouraged, if not actually subsidised, by some "friendly" State, Pan-Islamic newspapers have sprung up like mushrooms, and these are lashing the populace into fury by their falsehoods, and by inciting the masses to violence. The Denshawai affair was a first-fruit of that agitation.

Those Nationalists who have joined the agitation without interested motives, who honestly love their country, and who wish to make Egypt a European nation and to give it European institutions, should desert a movement which aims at pulling down, not at building up, which would destroy European civilisation in Egypt, and hand it over again to the corrupt and retrograde rule to which it had been used. They should instead co-operate with the best Government which Egypt has ever had, and should strive to make themselves and the people fit for self-government by taking an active interest in the reform of the country and in the education of the masses. Only educated men can govern themselves.

In the interests of Egypt it will perhaps be best that an early outbreak of militant Nationalism or Pan-Islamism should occur, which would furnish Sir Eldon Gorst with an opportunity of giving to the Nationalists a sharp and salutary lesson. If through sickly sentimentalism the pseudo-national movement in Egypt should be encouraged, a far more serious situation would eventually arise, a situation which no one can contemplate without the gravest misgivings.

#### THE MAKING AND KEEPING OF EMPIRE.

THE appeal which Lord Curzon has just made for a statue of Clive ought to be very widely read at the present time—it should be read indeed by every Englishman—and it is a pity that a rather silly newspaper etiquette or exclusiveness has prevented most of the London dailies from quoting it in full from the "Times". This appeal, though it refers especially to Clive and to the British India that Clive founded, is most appropriate just now at the eve of a great national Conference. It is full of the intense, instinctive passion of empire. Sincerity lives in every line of this notable letter. A shrewd suspicion of the absence of sincerity, even in some of the most sounding phrases of many lesser politicians, has made many people at times just a little shy of the word imperialism. Professions of patriotism must be free of the least taint not only of insincerity, but of worked-up enthusiasm. In party politics a little humbug is tolerable. That form of politics is a great game, and some say that without a certain amount of make-believe the game cannot be played with effect. Ministers, for instance, of high character are allowed—more, they are expected in honour—when a colleague is in difficulties over a measure to come to his aid, whether or not they are really fond of that measure. Thus, despite Lord Rosebery, when Mr. Birrell brings in his Irish Council Bill, and it is attacked, he will look for and no doubt get aid from one or two of Lord Rosebery's former colleagues of the Liberal League. In party politics these things must be. Party politics would often be chaos and despair without them. And what Liberals do in these matters, Conservatives of course have also been known to do in office. But, in the larger politics, any profession of patriotism or Imperialism not absolutely felt is quite disgusting. It does not much matter how loud the voice of the shouter is, provided the feeling within is big in proportion: unfortunately it now and then is too evident that the homage paid to patriotism comes more from the lungs than the heart. A great part of the strength of Lord Curzon and Mr. Chamberlain is in the fact that the patriotism they preach they do feel with all their might. It might not be hard to name others who can argue a theory of empire as intellectually as either of them—but nobody puts it with a more felt passion than they do. We were surprised to hear so clever a man as Mr. Lloyd-George declare not long since that Mr. Chamberlain—a statesman, too, whom he has studied with admiration—plunged into his scheme of federation in order to revive his languishing party. Anybody can tell that Mr. Chamberlain went into it without care for party and with an enthusiasm that has cost him very dear in physical strength.

But Lord Curzon's appeal for Clive is valuable for other things than the passionate, impatient sincerity of it. Perhaps not everyone will feel quite so angry as he feels with the eighteenth century. He goes as far even as Carlyle, who, among other names, called it "swindler century". An admirer of the eighteenth century would ask, was it so much baser than the nineteenth or the twentieth in the way it served its empire makers and preservers? We have all heard of the iron shutters at Apsley House, and how Wellington, cheered by a huge fickle public, once turned on the mob and pointed to them with scorn. The names of Gordon and Rhodes occur to one in the same connection. Though his enemies in Parliament did treat Clive in malign fashion, the eighteenth-century House of Commons in the end passed without a division a motion that he had done great and meritorious services to his country; and even Hastings was also eventually absolved of the serious charges against him by large majorities. Compared, at any rate, with the treatment served out to Dupleix—after Napoleon the greatest of all French adventurers—and to Labourdonnaix and poor Lally, that served out to the English pro-Consuls of the age was generous. Where, however, we do find Lord Curzon so stimulating, and where all can agree with him entirely, is in the way he praises without paltry reservation that colossal figure of empire, Clive. Does anybody to-day with, we need

not say a sense of humour, but with common-sense and judgment, take great exception to Lord Curzon's eulogy of Clive? We half doubt whether it will shock the most austere Radicals below the gangway, though they in common with most other Englishmen who have learnt the A B C of the history of England know how Clive was driven to traffic with the rascal Meer Jaffier and to dupe the archdeceiver Omichund. They have read and nearly everybody has read, because it is in Macaulay, how Clive was compelled to have a red paper treaty as well as a white paper treaty, Omichund being so wily; and how one of the papers was really waste paper to Omichund, who got nothing out of the deal, and became a lunatic when Clive had him informed: "Omichund, you are to have nothing." Yet we shall credit our austere Radical friends with regarding Clive as a great Englishman who to-day is worthy of the statue which Lord Curzon proposes that English people should honour themselves by setting up. And we shall be very much surprised if on the list of those who approve the scheme the names of leading statesmen of both parties alike do not presently appear. The honour which is at length paid to Clive will to an absolute certainty be paid in full measure by another generation to Rhodes and other great and masterful public workers who have been slighted in their own time.

The truth clearly is this—the code of everyday political morality and habit cannot always be the code of the empire maker. Is there one instance in all history of a great nation formed without occasional resort—absolutely necessary—to methods of which we rightly disapprove in everyday public life and in private affairs? The empire maker must at times act quite outside the law. Of course—pace Freeman—Alfred the Great himself did. No doubt if Mr. Byles and Mr. Mackarness and other such zealots sat down in Exeter Hall to found an empire, there would be no going outside the law: but then the empire would not be founded. The type which is born to interpret Dr. Watts and Martin Tupper is not qualified for the large, forceful, civilising efforts of men like Raleigh and Clive and Hastings and Rhodes.

We may not like at the time the occasional coups of the empire makers, the going outside the usual code of conduct; but it is idle to shut our eyes to the truth, since all history proves it, that these things are simply inherent in the rude work of making a nation, and will be till every country is rounded off and put within a ring fence. But the ill of these occasional lapses of men like Raleigh and Clive and Warren Hastings and Rhodes from the ordinary, right everyday code is small compared with the benefit their work and lives confer on the State. This is absolutely known and acknowledged by everybody who is not a crank or a Utopian visionary. Clive sinned as markedly as any of these men, and yet history has absolved him. He is now seen in the correct perspective, and the noble and well-doing side of him is found to be far greater than the mean one.

But if in the making of empire we are forced now and then to act outside law, so in the keeping of empire it is not less sure that we have at seasons to act outside routine. We have to submit to change and growth and even to be ready for some sacrifice. Many people when they are tolerably comfortable find it very unpleasant to be disturbed in the grooves in which they have learnt to run smoothly and safely. Most men, in fact, are highly conservative in this, and in public not less than in private life. But it is obvious to-day that the British Empire is not going to run in future in quite the same grooves that we have been accustomed to for a long time. Changes are certain to come—changes in more than one groove, as the hints which the Prime Ministers who are now assembling have given within the last few days show clearly enough. To be offended by and to try to arrest these changes would be as sensible as if our ancestors had taken offence at the growth of the British Constitution.

#### PROPOSALS FOR PREFERENCE.

THE practical issue which the Premiers of the self-governing colonies will deliberate with the representatives of the Crown is briefly: are we, in our extra-Imperial relations to be the British Empire or the United Kingdom? Three principal methods for the consolidation of the Empire have been proposed. First, there is the proposal to create an Imperial Council. The Canadian Premier has, in advance, declared himself strongly opposed to this scheme, on the ground that it will result in interference with local concerns. Second, there is the proposal for common defence, which in an attenuated form was raised on the Address by Mr. Harold Cox. Here again Sir Wilfrid Laurier has voiced the colonial objections; he has declared that the colonies cannot be expected to contribute to an Imperial Defence Fund unless you "call us to your councils". Thus the second scheme involves the first and carries with it the same objections. Both these schemes have some amount of following, but the Government and Mr. Balfour have declared against the practicability of either. The third scheme is that which is associated with the name of Mr. Chamberlain, and which seeks to federate the Empire through preferential trade relations.

The Tariff Commission after three years' inquiry issued yesterday a memorandum with the results of the calculations which they have made bearing upon the various schemes of colonial preference submitted to them. The schemes considered are those involving the return the United Kingdom might make to the colonies for the advantages they are already giving or are prepared to give in the future to British manufacturers in their own markets. The calculations in the Tariff Commission memorandum answer the question as to how much of the trade of each of the colonies would be affected by the various schemes. Clearly, if it be found that the proposals leave the trade of any important colonies untouched, the scheme is unsatisfactory. The special merit of the present memorandum is that the various schemes are shown to develop one into the other, and that it is only the final scheme—that which is associated with the name of Mr. Chamberlain—which allows a fair arrangement with all the colonies.

Under the first scheme considered we should begin by offering preference on the articles upon which Customs duties are at present paid in the United Kingdom. The proposal is somewhat alluring, as it appears to concede the principle of preference. It is thought that perhaps, like the Devolution proposals contemplated by the Prime Minister, it would inevitably lead up to the "larger policy". It may be questioned however if there is any satisfactory concession of principle so long as the Government refuse to extend the Customs list in order to give real advantages to the colonies. Scheme 1 is shown by the Tariff Commission to be entirely illusory, and has no prospect of giving a shadow of advantage to any of the colonies whose Premiers are now in this country. Only £21,000 worth of goods out of a total of 24½ millions sterling coming from Canada was subject to duty in 1905 on entering the United Kingdom. Even this sum is, however, too large seeing that it includes some items—tea, for instance—which have no right to be in the returns. Dutiable imports from the Australian Commonwealth reached only £147,000 out of a total of 27 millions sterling; and from New Zealand none of the imports were subject to duty under our present tariff. Clearly, then, where so little is dutiable, it is impossible that any advantage can be offered to colonial traders in the British market. Lord Milner would hardly have thrown out his suggestion if he had examined these figures.

The second scheme, whose merits have been weighed by the Commission, is that which the colonial Premiers contemplated when they suggested that a beginning might be made by exempting or reducing the duties then imposed in the United Kingdom against goods coming from British possessions. At that time the duties in force were the duties considered under Scheme 1 added to the corn duties introduced by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It is shown that Scheme 2 represents a considerable advance on Scheme 1. In



the cases of both Canada and Australia it would have affected about 4½ millions sterling of trade in 1905. Without preference, the duties payable on Canadian goods are estimated to be £320,000, and Australian goods £413,000. These figures represent the maximum of advantage which might have been given to these countries in 1905 under Scheme 2 in the event of total remission of these duties. How small this is may be judged from the fact that it represents less than 1½ per cent. of the total trade, whereas the Canadian advantage to this country is more than 10 per cent. In the case of none of the other self-governing colonies does the possible advantage reach any sensible amount. Thus the adoption of Scheme 2, supported as this was by the colonial Premiers in 1902, would have been incapable of proffering any advantage either to New Zealand, Natal or Cape Colony.

The third scheme considered is that which proposes the inclusion in the dutiable list of the imports of agricultural produce in addition to those duties which are at present in operation. This scheme has the advantage of promising a considerable preference to New Zealand which neither of the previous schemes was capable of giving. Agricultural imports from New Zealand amounted to 5½ millions sterling, representing 41 per cent. of the total imports from that colony. The duties which would be paid on these imports if there were no preference, and if the tariff were that suggested in the Report of the Agricultural Committee of the Tariff Commission, and which were proposed in the interests of agriculture, are estimated to amount to £366,000. This is a measure, therefore, of the maximum possible advantage which Scheme 3 can give to New Zealand. This scheme would also affect 17½ millions sterling of Canadian goods, and 9 millions sterling of Australian goods. Substantial advantages are therefore possible under this scheme to each of the colonies considered. It is still marred by the fact, however, that the South African colonies would, at least for the present, be wholly unaffected by this scheme.

Mr. Chamberlain's own scheme which is represented by a general tariff covering manufactures, as well as agricultural products and articles at present on the Customs list, is dealt with as Scheme 4 in the Tariff Commission Memorandum. It is shown that omitting wool, which as a raw material no one has ever suggested should be taxed, this scheme would affect 76 per cent. of Canadian products, 75 per cent. of Australian products, 72 per cent. of New Zealand products, and 21 per cent. of South African products. If it be assumed that, in addition, ostrich feathers would be dutiable, the South African proportion amounts to 60 per cent. The only equitable scheme as between one colony and another is clearly, therefore, the final scheme, which is more than any other that of Mr. Chamberlain. It would permit of substantial advantages being conferred on the colonies upon approximately equal proportions of their trade in this country. This scheme alone makes it possible for this country to grant a satisfactory quid pro quo for the privileges we already enjoy in the markets of our self-governing colonies.

#### A JUDGE ON THE COURTS.

ON Tuesday, when the Courts reopened, the members of the two Divisions of the Court of Appeal would have had time to digest Mr. Justice Grantham's pleasing proposal for their abolition. His letter to the "Times" on the Court of Appeal appeared very aptly on the Monday, and we imagine must have caused a little dismay, mitigated perhaps by the reflection that "it was only Grantham", and that threatened men live long. But Mr. Justice Grantham's proposals have a good deal of sound sense in them, and are on all grounds infinitely better than the temporary repairs Bill of the Lord Chancellor now before Parliament, which is disliked by all members of the profession, Judges, barristers and solicitors. We may add, and suitors; because the Bill proposes to make them perform adopt a procedure which, so long as it was optional, they looked askance at. Law reform is like Army reform: it is never successful because it never goes far enough. The War Secretary,

not having a sufficient number of soldiers, covers up the deficiency by rearranging and dividing and subdividing them differently. The Lord Chancellor, because he is afraid of appointing more Judges, does the same; though everybody knows there can be nothing but a breakdown and disappointment at the end. He is following a precedent which has proved unworkable. Whenever two Judges have acted as a Court of Appeal the result has been unsatisfactory. It was found to be so in the case of Divisional Courts, and in consequence the Divisional Courts are now formed with three Judges. The Appeal Court, if it were what it ought to be, should make appeals to the House of Lords quite an exceptional occurrence. That it is not is shown by the fact that the House of Lords is as much overstocked with appeals and arrears as the Court of Appeal is. If the Lord Chancellor's Bill passes there will be still more appeals to the House of Lords, and the burden of appeals which is already oppressive to suitors will be increased. Lord Collins has unfortunately made light of this objection, but the general opinion of the profession and the experience with the Divisional Courts are against him.

Lord Chancellors are all alike. They will do anything rather than propose an increase of Judges; and yet there is never a plan put forward by anybody else which does not assume that three additional Judges must be appointed. If the proposal is that there shall be three permanent branches of the Court of Appeal as at present constituted, then there must be three new Lords Justices. If the proposal is to reinforce it by taking Judges from the other Divisions of the Supreme Court, then there must be three additional ordinary Judges appointed. When people are not thinking of arrears of appeals but of arrears in the King's Bench Division, due chiefly to the Circuits, they then demand more Judges. When they anticipate the indefinitely increased amount of work that will be thrown into the Courts by the Criminal Appeal Act whenever it is passed, then it appears quite evident the demand for more Judges must be attended to. If there were any hope that Sir Harry Poland's favourite scheme for the establishment of provincial Central Criminal Courts would be taken up by the Government and the whole Circuit system reconstituted instead of being patched up and played with generally, this might introduce some economy into the judicial body; but these are remote contingencies: and even if what ought to be done were done, more instead of fewer Judges might be required, especially with the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal. So that in any case the cry for more Judges will have to be satisfied, though Lord Chancellors and Chancellors of the Exchequer will put it off as long as they can.

And yet the difficulty about money is not the greatest; it is legislation. There has not been a Government for years that has had the necessary force of public opinion behind it to make a comprehensive scheme of law reform possible in Parliament. Lawyers are prepared for it, but not the public; and one imagines that when they raise the question the public that is represented by members of Parliament are inclined to be suspicious. They can understand a Criminal Court of Appeal Bill; that is what it appears to be, and they do not suspect professional interests. Generally however they suspect proposed measures of legal reform somewhat as certain people have suspected ecclesiastical reform which appears to them to be designed to "buttress up" the Church, as they say. Yet the last great dealings with legal matters, the Judicature Acts, which have been of immeasurable public benefit even after deduction of the new evils they planted amongst us, were prompted by professional desire to remedy the abuses of the old legal system. There is the same kind of dissatisfaction now amongst lawyers; but for some reason or another they cannot force any Government to act as the Government was forced in the 'seventies. Probably it is because there are no such great lawyers to lead them as there were then, though there are more lawyers in the Cabinet than ever. These are the conditions which Mr. Justice Grantham does not consider in making his offhand suggestion that the present Court of Appeal should be abolished, and the Appeal Courts reconstituted as they were under the old system before the union of

law and equity. If that could be done without legislation it would have been done long ago; as Mr. Justice Grantham recalls, Lord Coleridge repented "in sackcloth and ashes" for the part he played in consenting to the destruction of the old Common Law Courts. This was the work of Chancery lawyers, and Common Law lawyers have ever since regretted it, and it has been one of the chief causes of the confusion that has existed in the Courts.

The mistake of abolishing the old Divisions of the Court was long ago perceived, and now, when the question of the constitution of the Appeal Court has become acute, the abolition of the Exchequer Chamber, the great Appeal Court of the Common Law side, is recognised as part of the same great mistake. But to see the mistake and rectify it by legislation after all these years is another matter. It would mean the recasting of the Judicature Acts which divide the Supreme Court into the two branches of Appeal Court and High Court; and reducing the Common Law Lords Justices from their position of £6,000 a year Judges to the rank of the £5,000 a year Judges. Mr. Justice Grantham's idea, and it is a good one, is to go back to the old system of forming the Appeal Court out of the Judges doing the ordinary work of the Courts, as the Judges sat in banc in the old Exchequer Chamber. But for this he requires that three more Judges shall be appointed in the Common Law Division. What is to be done with the Common Law Lords Justices? Are they to resume the ordinary work of the *Puisne* Judges? If they are to be retired, their pensions would be so much loss. These and any other such points are not used as arguments against the proposal, but only to indicate the improbability of the Government starting to recast the Judicature Acts. The Lord Chancellor has determined to try what splitting up the Court of Appeal will do; and for several years there will be a good excuse for waiting to see how this works, and it will put off the appointment of additional Judges. Ultimately this will have to be done, and then perhaps the Court of Appeal might be reinforced from time to time by the ordinary Judges of the King's Bench Division. There is power to do this already; but there are not sufficient Judges. Or with the additional Judges a new permanent branch of the Court of Appeal might be formed which would take all the appeal business from the King's Bench Division, leaving the Judges there with only their work of first instance. Any of these plans may be tried, not because they are best, but because they will be easier than dragging up the present system by the roots. Is it not always almost impossible to replant an institution that has been pulled up, though experience may give us cause for regretting its loss? With Mr. Justice Grantham's history, and regrets for the past, and his criticisms of the present, most lawyers, we believe, will agree and sympathise, but they will not consider it practicable to "get rid of this terrible delay, the greatest blot on our judicial system that this country has ever known", by reviving the Exchequer Chamber.

#### THE CITY.

THE reduction of the Bank rate from 5 to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  had not the slightest effect on the stock markets. To be exact, Consols moved up one-sixteenth. The reduction had of course been anticipated, and the difference between 5 and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is not enough to encourage the opening of speculative accounts. If the rate were reduced to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and kept there for six months no doubt we should see a revival in speculation. As it is the Stock Exchange and its clients must resign themselves to a prolonged period of quiescence. At least all the ordinary signs point that way, though, just as a storm springs up suddenly on the Italian lakes, the sentiment of the Stock Exchange springs sometimes from calm to excitement in a few days. And booms and slumps are generally affairs of sentiment more than anything else. No one, for instance, has as yet been able to give any other explanation of the collapse in the American market than that the feeling of the public and the legislature was hostile to the big capitalists. Very rarely, perhaps once in ten years, there comes an

upheaval or subsidence on intrinsic merits. But as a rule the fluctuations of Stock Exchanges are merely the reflections of the moods of men. The Presidential election in the United States, which takes place in October 1908, is already beginning to cast its shadow across Wall Street. We do not believe that there will be anything like a market in American rails until after that event. Steel Trusts may go up on an increase of dividend on the Common; and Mr. Harriman may do unto Southern Pacifics as he did last year unto Union Pacifics, suddenly increase the dividend after he has helped himself to the stock. But we should advise the outsiders, i.e. the public, to keep clear of this market for the present. If Canadian railways were not so largely dealt in by American operators, we should say that Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks (Third Preferred and Ordinary) were worth buying. But the last few weeks have shown us how Canadian Pacifics can be raided by the "bears" as well as Union Pacifics. Possibly Canadian Pacifics may emerge from the clutches of Messrs. Jeffreson Levi and his Wall Street rivals; in which case they ought to be acquired, if only for the sake of their lands, the proceeds of which must one day or other be distributed amongst the shareholders. Grand Trunks are not patronised by the Yankees, and are therefore safer to handle. At last the Third Preference holders are coming into their rights; and such has been the general increase of the traffic that land seems really in sight for the patient possessors, or "bulls", of Trunk Ordinary. The prosperity of the Dominion is advancing so steadily, especially in the districts served by the Grand Trunk system, that there is nothing impossible in the prospect of Little Trunks getting 2 per cent. at the close of the next financial year. The 4 per cent. bonds of the City of Winnipeg are, we should say, a fairly safe investment, as Winnipeg has grown wonderfully in the last ten years, and will in the next ten years become the important centre of three or four transcontinental railway systems. The only fear is lest the municipality should be tempted to imitate the financial methods of the American municipalities and go in for "boodle". Indeed the municipality of Montreal is no model of purity or efficiency. Winnipeg is not French, but Scotch, and therefore, presumably, level-headed.

With regard to the South African market, until General Botha returns to the Transvaal, and his Government makes up its mind about Chinese labour, no rise in prices is likely to take place. It is satisfactory to note that the output of gold from the Transvaal mines is steadily increasing, and is now at the rate of about £25,000,000 a year. The Commission appointed by the Transvaal Executive to inquire into the question of the labour supply is so composed that it cannot possibly agree, and will inevitably present a majority and a minority report. This will merely unsettle the whole question again, which General Botha and his colleagues must face. In view of the political uncertainty, the state of business and the overtrading which has marked the course of affairs in South Africa in the past fifteen or sixteen months, the directors of the National Bank of South Africa were fortunate in being able to report a profit of £93,606 17s. 3d. Business is increasing in bulk and new customers are constantly being added to the Bank's books, but the recovery in the general South African position which was hoped for has not been realised. As the chairman said at the meeting held in Pretoria at the beginning of March, the directors have every reason to be grateful for the net result when it is remembered that the dividends paid by a large number of financial concerns in South Africa have fallen off by no less a sum than £1,100,000. In the Australian department Messrs. Bewicke and Moreing are very unpopular just now, owing to the utter failure of the "deep leads" in Victoria to fulfil the promises held out. Instead of coming upon gravel yielding 2 ounces to the fathom, so far the results have been wretched, about 7 dwts. to the fathom, which will not pay to work. Indeed, during the last three unhappy months it is not only American rails but nearly all mining speculations that have bitterly disappointed their supporters. As for Siberian Props, they are unsaleable except in very small lots, and have sunk to  $3\frac{1}{4}$ . The last report from



the Orsk field was certainly very bad. The total profit from eighteen days' working was only £400 odd, which is not much for a capital of £600,000. It is true that there were difficulties about water, owing to the weather; but what struck us as so discouraging was that the ore in the main shaft only assayed 4 dwts. to the ton. At least, so we read the circular: we may have misunderstood it, for the manager does not seem to have the gift of clear expression. It is obvious that, unless the Orsk and Troitzk mines can be made to yield big results, the price of Siberian Props is about at its proper figure to-day.

Messrs. Stern Bros., on behalf of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, Paris, are offering to holders of the 6 per cent. Bonds of 1888 "the privilege of exchange" into new  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bonds on terms which are fully set out in the prospectus.

#### INSURANCE: LIABILITY OF EMPLOYERS.

THE new Workmen's Compensation Act, which comes into force on 1 July, is agitating people's minds to a quite unnecessary extent, because remedy against the burdens imposed by the Act costs so little and can be obtained so readily by means of insurance. The principle of extending workmen's compensation to almost every employee may be regarded as a good one: the original Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897 was declared to be experimental, and it was explicitly stated that if it proved successful it would be extended to include almost all employees. Except for the enormous amount of litigation involved by a measure designed to exclude disputes, the Act of 1897 has worked extremely well. It has been a great boon to workpeople at a comparatively small cost to employers. Equally happy consequences may be expected from the Act of 1906 when, if ever, its full meaning has been determined by the Law Courts. The real fault of the new Act is the doubtfulness as to its meaning in regard to a great number of points, and the fine distinctions between liability and non-liability.

Among the provisions of the Act likely to cause dispute are those which exclude "a person whose employment is of a casual nature and who is employed otherwise than for the purposes of the employer's trade or business". Probably the work of a charwoman would not be regarded as casual labour if she came regularly; nor would the services of a landlady to a lodger be considered casual. On similar principles a gardener one day a week, or a window-cleaner coming regularly once a month, would seem to involve the employer in responsibility. Most insurance companies are now prepared to include occasional employees in their policies for a premium of 25 per cent. of the premiums paid for servants in constant employment, with a minimum extra premium of 2s. 6d. The obviously sensible thing to do is to pay this extra premium to an insurance company and not to trouble any more as to whether we are liable in a particular instance or not. The question of the employer's trade or business is also likely to give rise to litigation. If we drive to make a friendly call and a boy who is holding our horse gets kicked and injured, he is employed otherwise than for the employer's trade or business and we are not liable; if, however, we were making a business call, it is quite within the bounds of possibility we might have to provide the injured person with a life annuity.

Among other disputable points that arise is the question of locality: an Englishman motoring in France would probably be liable if his chauffeur, engaged in England, were injured while abroad; while it seems quite possible that an English company with works or offices abroad would have no legal defence against clerks or other workpeople of any nationality who might be injured in the company's service. Difficulties of a somewhat different kind arise in connexion with apprentices and articulated clerks; since compensation depends upon wages, and since an articulated clerk may receive no wages, it might be thought that he could not be entitled to compensation, and, if the injury were fatal, that no one could be dependent upon a wageless clerk. The Act provides, however, that if a person under twenty-one

is injured, the weekly payment may be reviewed and based upon what he would probably have been earning at the date of the review. This seems to point to an increase in the compensation; but on the other hand as a technical point it might be argued that as an unpaid employee is not entitled to any weekly payment for injury, there is no weekly payment to be reviewed, and consequently no responsibility lies upon the employer.

There are innumerable other doubtful points as to the meaning of the Act which have been, and might be, raised. If it were not that employers at a very small cost can secure complete protection against all their liabilities by means of a properly selected policy in a strong insurance company, there would be good cause to regard with serious apprehension the coming into force of the new Act. Since, however, insurance is possible at a very small annual payment, individuals need not worry much on their own account that the Act is one of the most clumsily-worded measures of recent times. That the badness of the drafting will inflict a great deal of hardship upon the employees it is intended to benefit seems inevitable: claims will be resisted by the insurance companies in order to ascertain the meaning of the Act, and whether employees lose or win their case they are little likely to benefit, while many claims which might be made will not be pressed for fear of litigation. It is the employees who will suffer from the unintelligibility of the Act.

#### THE TREE GARDENER.—I.

"YOU may tire of the mountains, you may tire of the sea, but you will never tire of trees." Such, or such in effect, were the words of Lord Beaconsfield, who gave to his Hughenden trees a large share of the tenderness that lay hidden behind that mask of mystery, unsuspected by the many, deeply felt by the few, begetting affection such as has fallen to the lot of few men. And, indeed, the trees of England are worthy of all love and admiration. Beautiful they are in all their moods, in all their seasons—in early spring when a ruddy glow flushes in the swelling buds before the first enamel of soft greenery glitters in the April sun—in summer when their leafy canopies throw dancing shadows on moss and turf—in autumn when the flames of maples and beeches and yellow elms set the woods ablaze—in winter when the lace-work of branches and twigs, bejewelled with hoarfrost, shows a tracery which defies the cunningest hand of the limner. Perhaps in no other country can you see the plant life of so many parts of the world, from huge forest trees to tiny Alpine herbs, flourishing and absolutely familiar, as in England where the much-abused climate seems to suit such widely different natures—and this is the more strange in that the really native plants, the true children of the soil, are but few, at any rate so far as trees and shrubs are concerned. Take the evergreens for instance. You may count them on the fingers of your two hands and have one thumb to spare—Scotch fir, juniper, yew, spurge laurel, ivy, holly, gorse, broom, the heath family. That is all. I have not included box because some botanists consider it to be an alien, introduced very early in our history, which finding a congenial home has spread wonderfully—as at Box Hill and in other places to which it has given its name. Indeed this very name—so obviously *buxus* or *ῥύκος* familiarised in many countries and many languages—once led me to a rather interesting discovery as regards tree nomenclature. Wherever a tree is truly indigenous in England it has either a Saxon or a British name; when it is an alien the name is Latin—for instance, the oak, the beech, the lime, the ash are indigenous. The elm, the poplar (not the albe or the aspen) are Roman importations with Latin names. The wych-tree, commonly called wych-elm, is the *weiche* of the Germans and a true Briton. The old English word *fir*, originally belonging to the Scotch fir, has been loosely transferred to the *Abies* and *Picea* families. But I believe that it will be found that this golden rule in nomenclature will never fail to show whether the tree be native or of foreign extraction.

Of the vast primæval forests which once must have

clothed England from north to south, and from the North Sea to the Irish Channel, enough yet remains to show how beautiful they must have been when men were few and wild beasts many. In Windsor Forest, in Sherwood, Wychwood, the Forest of Dean, the New Forest, and many others, we can still see glorious thickets of oak and thorn and bramble which were once the lair of wild cattle, the ancestors of the Chillingham and Wollaton herds—where the deer and the roe and other creatures furnished the sport of kings and of outlaws.

The oaks and the thorns must have been the great glory of the woodland—some oaks still stand, hoary veterans to which tradition points as the contemporaries of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck. It may be so. The old saying among men of the craft is that the oak grows for three hundred years, stands still for three, and dies in three more. Dryden put the saying into verse—

"The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,  
Shoots rising up and spreads by slow degrees;  
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays  
Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

("Palæmon and Arcite", 1508.)

If this be true there may well be trees still standing that were saplings in the days of Richard the Lion-heart. But there are few matters as to which more nonsense has been written than the age of trees. One gentleman writing not long since in a daily paper spoke of the Wellingtonias of the Yosemite Valley as having been giants "when Abraham was a little boy". One feels that the gentleman was so pleased with himself when he wrote that sentence! I was once shown a yew-tree in Hayling Island which was said to have been standing there when Julius Cæsar landed! Yew-trees live to a great age; as to that there is no doubt; but as they throw up young shoots from the roots there may be a tree living on the same spot for almost indefinite centuries, long after the original trunk has disappeared. So it is with the Indian fig-trees, which throw down roots from the branches, creating colonies of their offspring almost in perpetuity. By the grace of this habit the sacred Bô-tree of Anuradhapura, in Ceylon—the oldest tree of which the planting is recorded—may well be, as it professes to be, an actual cutting of the tree under which Buddha meditated for seven years in the Mrighadeva, the deer forest near Benares. It is recorded that it was procured in the third century B.C. by King Tissa, the first Cingalese convert, from the famous Indian King Asoka. Miracles attended its importation; wonders upon wonders occurred at its planting—and there it stands to this day surrounded by its progeny, venerated, tended and cared for with a ceremonial which has never varied for upwards of two thousand years. Some ninety generations of devout men have worshipped in that beautiful court, bringing with them the same tribute of fragrant champak and other flowers set out in the same mystic patterns. The tradition is unbroken. Another tree for which the honours of almost fabulous age are claimed is the elephantine baobab of Africa (*Adansonia*)—but it is a spongy, loosely built-up tree, so that its thirty feet of diameter can scarcely be accredited with the same crown of years as a far smaller plant of more compact growth. Memorable indeed it is from its connection with that undefeated adventurer, Tartarin de Tarascon—Tueur de Lions. For me that is its greatest interest.

But all this is mere rambling tree-gossip. I have been led to it by turning over the pages of a sumptuous book, unique I take it of its kind, which has been issued by Messrs. Veitch, the famous nursery gardeners of Chelsea.\* With pardonable pride they have placed on record the achievements of five generations of their family, and they have shown how their industry and enterprise have during three-quarters of a century been spent upon enriching the flora and sylva of England. From 1840 to 1905 they have sent out no fewer than twenty-two missions. Their ambassadors have travelled to the uttermost ends of the world and far and wide on the face of it: of perils by sea and perils by land they have made no account: and I often wonder when I see

some beautiful tree or shrub or flower, now perhaps common enough in our gardens, how many people give a thought to the difficulties and hardships which have been endured, or to the tact and diplomatic talents which have been displayed before the parent of that treasure could be brought home. To these embassies and to the feats of Messrs. Veitch's hybridisers I hope to return hereafter.

There are some men, lovers of trees in their way, who would have us plant nothing but English trees, in which, however, they inconsistently include what they are pleased to call the "English" elm—*Ulmus campestris*—a foreigner that has never yet been known to bear fruit in England! Lord Leighton, who hated conifers, once told me that he could not bear the sight of a fir-tree; and that when he journeyed to Italy he always contrived to pass Switzerland by night, so that he might not see the fir forests of the Alps. Every man to his taste! But if there be one tree which would above all others be an excuse for importing trees from abroad it is the London plane—*Platanus acerifolia*, introduced first in the year 1724—not, by the bye, as is commonly said, the western plane which carries a single fruit, but a variety of the oriental plane the fruits of which hang in twos and threes. What would London be without its plane-trees?—the tree which not only thrives better than any other in our grimy atmosphere, but actually, as old Anthony Waterer used to say—and he was no mean judge—shows more vigour in the town than in the country. When President Loubet two or three years ago came to London, the first thing that struck him on his drive from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace was the beauty of the plane-trees in the Park. "Why! they are finer than ours in Paris!" he exclaimed. Dr. Johnson himself was not a greater lover of London than the plane. There must be some reason for this. It is not the peeling of the bark, for bark is but inert matter, and many trees shed their bark; the birch to wit, which hates London, and the Scotch fir, which pines and dies there. Can it be that the plane is a greedy feeder and that its leaves find in the yellow air an excess of carbonic-acid gas over what they can absorb from a purer atmosphere? A propos of bark-shedding, many years ago there appeared in one of the influential London daily papers a letter in which the writer held up to execration the officials of the Office of Works who neglected their duty and allowed the boys to peel the bark off the planes, from which it might be seen hanging in strips all over the parks: and to make the matter better the influential daily editor had a leading article upon it! Goths, Visigoths, Vandals were we of the most mischievous pattern! If ever a tree was cut down in order to allow its mates to breathe and live, we were held up to execration; and now the same old story is being repeated in regard to Kensington Gardens, where the present authorities of the department are doing the best piece of work that has been undertaken for many a long year. I only hope that the cries of the ignorant will not deter them from going far enough.

REDESDALE.

#### THE LAST DAY AT JOHANNESBURG.

FROM the balcony of my room in Von Brandis Square I watched the dawn colouring the distant eastern hills. The light came softly, as though unwilling to awake this part of the world, or to expose the dinginess of the suburbs and the squalor of the lower quarters of the town—for in the path of the sun lay a mass of wood and iron, brick and plaster buildings, irregular and unstable, showing patches of peculiar ugliness, and barren of beauty as a whole. Already, in the streets around the square, on my last day at Johannesburg, there was movement in answer to the light. Barefooted Kaffirs were trudging to the homes or the offices of their masters; masons and bricklayers were cycling to work. A few men, Greek in appearance, probably fruitsellers, were hurrying south, as though to market, and their passing brought to my mind a vision of ox-waggons and slumbering teams, of bearded, swarthy farmers, and of stalls laden with fragrant produce. Acting on the impulse to follow them, I

\* "Hortus Veitchii," London: Veitch and Sons. 1905.



came down to the roadway, and after turning a few corners reached the scene of the daily auctions, the Covent Garden of Johannesburg. In the half-empty square before the market, the delicate beauty of the morning seemed to find somewhat its natural expression. The oblique rays of light, still contrasted against the vanishing shadows, increased the strangeness of the scene, suffusing its various features in a harmonious atmosphere, and enforcing the suggestion, manifest in a hundred ways, of the intimate life of the country, a suggestion which the steaming coffee-stalls on the square, and the tall unsightly buildings around it, could not destroy.

The desire to escape at once from the enthrallment of the town, to have one last look at the open veld, grew stronger with the advance of day, and the fear of never returning to the South drove me outward to the grey hills for a provisional farewell. Silence was there, and peace. The hand of industry had rarely disturbed these hills, and the voice of commerce never: in the enchanting desolation of that surrounding wilderness one might cast off, for a while, the taint of cities.

Little trouble was necessary for the change. While the thought was still fresh in my mind, I found myself on the slopes of a hill three miles away from the town, yet overlooking it, and commanding a view that taxed the sight, a prospect before which the naked eye of man must fail, so endless it was. Hill after hill the earth rose and fell, receding into the blue haze of the mountainous horizon like the billows of some illimitable sea, storm-tossed, yet sombre, strange and motionless as death. Not a bird fluttered in the pines and gum-trees of the hollows; not a cloud broke the blue expanse of the sky. The scanty grass at my feet was parched and yellow with the heat of summer, and from it rose the peculiar odour of carbon that is dear to the memory of those who have lived in the sub-tropics; the rock-strewn heights, naked, barren, and seemingly secure from the molestation of mankind, stretched themselves in sleep beneath the blazing sun, as if awaiting, through unrecorded ages, the convulsions of time and the birth of a new world.

The sense of solitude and the suggestion of the infinite that broke from the apparent lifelessness of earth were complete and overwhelming; yet in the grandeur of desolation, in the repose of colour and the nobility of ever-varying form, something, I hardly knew what, seemed lacking. Oppressed after the joy of a moment I rested on a rock and, looking up, contemplated the riddle before me. Gradually out of the dazzling azure sky three spots appeared, circling slowly above my head, black, sharply defined, and drawing nearer into vision with every move and turn, till, poised above me, they hung for a second as if motionless, then wheeled and curved anew about each other, like figures expressing symbolically the fantasies of one who dreams. The mystery of their origin and the wonderful ease of their flight were hardly matter for surprise in such a place; birds of prey, they swam out of the distance and floated in view like spirits of the air, in absolute mastery of their element. But a transformation was effected by their appearance, as by a new tone in a chord of music. The barren rolling veld lay still as eternity, chaotic, wild, strangely suggestive of uninhabited worlds, as if the earth itself were everywhere in embryo, awaiting the hour of its issue: then suddenly, without apparent action or disturbance, there came the symbols of life, the mystic three, with the beauty of motion in their dark plumage, and something, too, of the horror of death.

Even when the birds vanished again, the effect of their presence remained; the earth seemed to stir, even to smile a little, as if something had awakened the memory of its youth. Far off, as I now saw, in a valley tinted with green and watered by a tiny rivulet, a ploughman was guiding the share slowly up and down, leaving the dark furrows in his wake. At the head of his team a little boy was urging the leaders, and the crack of the long whip and the voice of the shaggy Boer calling his oxen came faintly to my ears. To watch the farmers planting the mealies and sowing the corn is a pleasant thing for the slave of cities, and the odour of freshly-turned soil is a potent conjuror of half-forgotten rural scenes. But the veld was no longer

for me, so I took final leave of it, and returned to the town.

The view of Johannesburg from one of the surrounding heights is interesting. The atmosphere is seldom obscure, and one can follow for some miles the line of the main reef indicated by the tall chimney-stacks of the mines themselves. The white "dumps" of waste and powdered rock that rise beside the gaunt headgear of the shafts are unusual features of a landscape, disfigurements rather, monstrous disturbances of the natural scheme of things. Gigantic mole-hills, marking the burrowings of men, they extend both east and west in almost unbroken line, forming, at the richest part of the reef, a cluster between the town and its southern suburbs. The gritty atmosphere of the streets on a windy day becomes permeated with the fine dust that is blown from these "dumps", penetrating doors and windows, covering everything with its grey cloak, and adding the danger of pneumonia to its own unpleasantness.

As I passed through the well-ordered Joubert Park, however, on my way back to the town, I could not but admit the advantages of a climate more indulgent and stable than ours, yet invigorating enough at five thousand feet high to foster the energies of a large population. The activity of the business world was a complete contrast to the sleep of the veld. The bright shops of Pritchard Street, the cosmopolitan crowds on the pavements, and the smart carriages passing up and down, were but a brief preparation for the bustle and stir of Commissioner Street, where the clang and rumble from the electric tramways contended with the dull roar of the mines to southward. The traffic of men and of merchandise was at its height; the luncheon hour was approaching, and the exodus of clerks had begun. I sought out some friends, and together we took refuge in an hotel, where we studied the table manners of millionaires.

Towards night, having a mind disposed to a little music, I strolled into a certain café and ordered a *petit noir*. The large, well-lighted saloon was thronged with men of all nations, of diverse rank and origin. The Parisian who reads his "Figaro" weekly, and the Gascon who swaggers in with riding-breeches, gaiters, and a Panama hat; the little Greek fruit-seller who brings his daughters to consume ices and to meet their friends; the loquacious Italian, passing an hour with the "Corriere della Sera" while he sips his chocolate or his Russian tea; the man whom everyone knows, the man who speaks ten languages, who has been "three times round the world" and wants to be off again, perhaps to Patagonia, perhaps to Western China; the young colonial, a little raw, a little over-eager for manhood, with a peculiar accent which is at times rather trying; all were there at the tables, drinking, reading, talking, watching the come and go for an hour or so, then disappearing. How they love the blaze of lights and the commotion of café life, these people! It is their sole dissipation, one would think, the sole distraction of their pre-occupied lives.

The moon was up when I left the place, and the town was very quiet. Only from the distant mines there came that unceasing sound, the sound of the mills crushing the ore—a voice almost like the voice of lust, grown deep and powerful in the hushed air of night; the muffled roar of a monster ravaging the plains, vexing the earth, breaking the peace of the silent places—racking the very soul of the veld.

FREDERICK HALE.

#### INVITATION TO THE PAGEANT.

I.

FAIR lady of learning, playfellow of spring,

Who to thy towery hospice in the vale

Invitest all, with queenly claim to bring

Scholars from every land within thy pale;

If aught our pageantry may now avail

To paint thine antique story to the eye,

Inspire the scene, and bid thy herald cry

Welcome to all, and to all comers hail!

## II.

Come hither, then he crieth, and hail to all !  
Bow each his heart a pilgrim at her shrine :  
Whatever chance hath led you to my call,  
Ye that love pomp, and ye that seek a sign,  
Or on the low earth look for things divine ;  
Nor ye, whom reverend Camus near-allied  
Writes in the roll of his ennobled pride,  
Refrain your praise and love to mix with mine.

## III.

Praise her, the mother of celestial moods,  
Who o'er the saints' inviolate array  
Hath starr'd her robe of fair beatitudes  
With jewels worn by Hellas, on the day  
She grew from girlhood into wisdom gay ;  
And hath laid by her crozier, ever more  
With both hands gathering to enrich her store,  
And make her courts with music ring away.

## IV.

Love her, for that the world is in her heart,  
Man's rude antiquity and doubtful goal,  
The heav'n-enthralled luxury of art,  
The burden'd pleading of his clay-bound soul,  
The mutual office of delight and dole,  
The merry laugh of youth, the joy of life  
Older than thought, and the unamending strife  
'Twixt liberty and politic control.

## V.

There is none holier, not the lily town  
By Arno, whither the spirit of Athens fled  
Escapt from Hades to a less renown,  
Yet joyful to be risen from the dead ;  
Nor she whose wide imperious arms were spread  
To spoil mankind, until the avenger came  
In darkening storm, and left a ruin'd name,  
A triple crown upon a vanquish'd head.

## VI.

What love in myriad hearts in every clime  
The vision of her beauty calls to pray'r !  
Where at his feet Himālaya sublime  
Holds up aslope the Arabian floods, or where  
Patriarchal Nile rears at his watery stair :  
In the broad islands of the Antipodes,  
By Esperanza, or in the coral seas  
Where Buddha's vain pagodas throng the air :

## VII.

Or where the chivalry of Nipon smote  
The wily Muscovite, intent to creep  
Around the world with half his pride afloat,  
And sent his battle to the soundless deep ;  
Or with our pilgrim-kin, and them that reap  
The prairie-corn beyond cold Labrador  
To California and the Alaskan shore,  
Her exiled sons their pious memory keep ;

## VIII.

Bright memories of young poetic pleasure  
In free companionship, the loving stress  
Of all life-beauty lull'd in studious leisure,  
When every Muse was jocund with excess  
Of fine delight and tremulous happiness :  
The breath of an indolent unbridled June,  
When delicate thought fell from the dreamy moon :  
But now strange care, sorrow and grief oppress.

## IX.

" Ah ! fewer tears shall be,—'tis thus they dream,—  
Ah, fewer, softer tears, when we lie low :  
On younger brows shall brighter laurel gleam :  
Lovelier and earlier shall the rosebuds blow."  
For in this hope she nurs'd them, and to know  
That Truth, while men regard a tetter'd page,  
Leaps on the mountains, and from age to age  
Reveals the dayspring's inexhausted glow.

## X.

Yet all their joy is mingled with regret :  
As the lone scholar on a neighbouring height,  
Brooding disconsolate with eyelids wet  
Ere o'er the unkind world he took his flight,  
Lookt down upon her festal lamps at night,  
And while the far call of her warning bell  
Reacht to his heart sang us his fond farewell,  
Beneath the stars thinking of lost delight :

## XI.

" Farewell ! for whether we be young or old,  
Thou dost remain, but we shall pass away.  
Time shall against himself thy house uphold,  
And build thy sanctuary from decay :  
Children unborn shall be thy pride and stay.  
May Earth protect thee, and thy sons be true,  
And God with heavenly food thy life renew,  
Thy pleasure and thy grace from day to day."

ROBERT BRIDGES.

## MISS ROBINS' "TRACT."

TO be amused and touched, I constantly listen to the people who are preaching this and that in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon. I cannot say that I ever come away with a sense that light has been let in on my darkness. I do not remember having heard from any of the holders-forth anything that was new without being nonsense, or true without being evident. But the odd stock of second-rate and second-hand and half-grasped ideas is usually set forth with skill. They are very fluent, these preachers, and have effective tricks of voice and gesture. They know their business ; and it is because they not only know it but so obviously and whole-heartedly revel in it that I delight to stand under them. I am afraid they do not value my attendance ; for I never interrupt them ; and interruption is what they love most dearly. They have nimble wits, and can always trust themselves to score. Some of the interrupters, too, are well worth hearing. They have acquired in their own line almost as fine a technical skill as has the preacher in his. The duel is sometimes a long one ; but it is always the preacher who vanquishes at last—partly, perhaps, because he looks down, while his antagonist looks up. See how his eyes gleam and his face glows as he resumes the thread of his discourse, lightly clutching, maybe, the lapels of his coat in the manner of one well-known statesman, or thumping his left palm with his right fist in the manner of another. If ever a man was happy, he is ; and none was ever more vain than he. Young or old, native or alien, perched on a mere tub and minutely describing Heaven, or on a solid little platform with " Clericalism : There Is The Enemy " emblazoned in gold on a mahogany lectern, he is irresistible ; and the only bitterness in my Sunday cup of joy is that I cannot be in all the congregations simultaneously, so as to miss nothing, and that Sunday comes but once a week. " Votes for Women ! " is being performed at the Court Theatre on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays ; and thus, for the present, the intervals between Sunday and Sunday will not seem so long and barren to me. I shall attend every performance for the sake of the play's second act, which is a marvellously accurate reproduction of a thing equivalent to what I have been describing. The scene is laid in Trafalgar Square, and votes for women is the subject preached on ; but the spirit, the tone of



mind, the mannerisms, of the preachers are exactly those which I have studied near the Marble Arch. True, I have never heard any preacher so actually delightful as Miss Dorothy Minto; but she has caught exactly the spirit of her part—the blithe spirit of the budding platformist. She ought to be grateful to Miss Robins for a part so admirably written; and Miss Robins ought to be grateful to her for perfection. Perfect, too, is Mr. Edmund Gwenn. For sheer humour and vitality, in addition to its minute fidelity to the model, his presentment of Mr. Walker, a popular artisan-orator, is a real masterpiece in acting. Perfect is the rolling gait with which he passes to and fro along the steps of the column, with his hands thrust down in his pockets, and his chin thrust forward, and his face cocked to one side and shining all over with the good humour that comes of absolute belief in oneself, and of the consciousness that one is very magnetic—oh! I do assure you that Mr. Walker magnetised the whole audience across the footlights, to say nothing of the stage-crowd, whose very interruptions were a proof that he was able to make them do exactly as he wished. Again and again must I go to see Mr. Walker thriving on those interruptions. Miss Robins has studied the mind of the crowd not less intently than the mind of the popular orator; and Mr. Granville Barker has so drilled the crowd that its reality is overwhelming enough to be almost inartistic. The second act is thus a joy from first to last; and I do wish it could be so extended at each end that there would be no time for performing the first act and the third. If in those two acts Miss Robins had painted, after the manner of Mr. Bernard Shaw, an impartial and comedic picture of the ladies and gentlemen who are actively for and against female suffrage, the whole play would have been capital.

Miss Robins shows in her presentment of certain minor characters that she can extract plenty of fun from the feminist movement. Unfortunately, however, she is not "out for" fun. She is an ardent suffragist herself; and also an actress. As a suffragist, she wants to preach; and, as an actress, she wants to write thrilling parts, and to create thrilling situations. I don't mind being preached at, and I love being thrilled. But it does not follow that because an actress in her own person can thrill one (as Miss Robins, in plays written by other people, has often thrilled me) she can thrill one as a dramatist. Nor is a suffragist necessarily convincing by reason of her ardour. Indeed, her very ardour may be a stumbling-block to her, tripping up her determination to present her case with that firm cool grasp of logic, that rigid sense of justice, that good-humour, and that power of envisaging without personal bias every side to a question, which are among the prime glories of the daughters of Eve. Neither as dramatist does Miss Robins thrill me, nor as evangelist does she win me. I could hardly suppress a yawn when Mr. Geoffrey Stoner, the strong man of the Tory party, blenched and was for a moment transfixed at sight of Miss Vida Levering, of whom we already knew that ten years ago she ought to have been, but was not, married to some gentleman unknown. And I yawned outright when Stoner's fiancée, Miss Dunbarton, just before the curtain fell, learned through Stoner's knowledge of the name embroidered on a handkerchief that he had known Miss Levering in the past. In Trafalgar Square all was well. True, Miss Levering was on the steps of Nelson's Column, and Stoner and his fiancée were in the crowd; but the Court Theatre is not Drury Lane, and the principal persons of the play are not permitted to discuss their secrets loudly outside their own drawing-rooms. Miss Levering, therefore, had to content herself with turning faint at the sight of Stoner in the midst of her indiscreetly modest confession that it would be a bad day for England if all women thought as she did of all men. My heart sank when the curtain rising on a drawing-room in Eaton Square, I knew Stoner was about to be taxed with his guilt by Miss Dunbarton. Stoner cut an even poorer figure than I had expected. Surely, even in this distressing situation, the strong man of the Tory party would not so utterly lose his debating instinct as Stoner does. He would not think (until his fiancée scornfully undeceived him) that he was making a

good point in declaring that he had practically forgotten the other lady's existence. He would not—let us, at least, for the Tory party's sake, hope he would not—be there merely to be trampled on and turned inside out by woman's superior intellect and eloquence; nor surely would he presently be driven, lamb-like, to offer marriage to a lady who had been his mistress ten years ago and had left him suddenly without giving him her address and had taken all possible pains to avoid him ever since. You see, Miss Robins does not make the strong man of the Tory party a villain: only weak, weak as in the time when he shrank from marrying against his father's will. The scorn with which Miss Levering rejects his offer I may safely leave to your imagination: you will have already foreseen it. What I defy you to have foreseen is this: Stoner, who has always scoffed at the suffragist movement, announcing his conversion to it, and vowing active and eternal fidelity to it, for no better reason than that he had once lived with a lady who ran away from him. Stay, there is another reason. Stoner's secretary has already informed him that the official wire-pullers anticipate the defeat of the party at the forthcoming elections unless Stoner "can manufacture some political dynamite". But Miss Robins lays no great stress on that bolstering reason. Indeed, I think she inserted the secretary's news not because she thought that philosophically a bolster was needed, but in order to give a tinge of opportunism to Stoner's conversion and thus get in an extra dig at male politicians in general. It was not enough that Stoner should do the right thing: Stoner must do it in the wrong way. Poor Stoner! I wonder whether any one of even our least gifted statesmen resembles him. Opportunistic, more or less, all statesmen are, and must be. But is any one of them so foolish as to be moved to turn a somersault over a great national problem by the reminder of a personal experience which has not the slightest bearing on the case? "I was seduced. I had not the vote. Therefore all women ought to have the vote" is a syllogism that evidently commends itself to Miss Levering, whom we must, therefore, alas, regret as a type of that incapacity for clear and impersonal thinking which some brutes have supposed to be characteristic of all women. Strange that Miss Robins, one of the cleverest of her sex, evidently takes Miss Levering quite seriously, presenting her not as the butt of a satirical comedy, but as the triumphant preacher in a didactic play! Is it possible that Miss Robins originally intended to make her play a satirical comedy? In that case, Stoner's offer of marriage, and his conversion to the cause, would—though still perhaps too farcically improbable for comedy—have been valuable, as helping to point the satire on the suffragists' argument that without the vote they can have no real influence. It is hard to believe that Miss Robins did not see that by making her two heroines so overwhelmingly influential she gave her whole case away. I think she *must* have treacherously intended to write a satirical comedy, and then have decided that a "tract", written apparently by a sympathiser with the cause, would be a deadlier mode of attack: suffragists might say of a clever satirical comedy that no man could have done it so well; whereas the "tract" designed by Miss Robins would be taken by anti-suffragists as an instance of women's incapacity for dealing seriously with public questions. I will not, by taking her play at its surface-value, give Miss Robins the chance of laughing at me as she must have laughed at the shrill suffragistic cheers which punctuated the first performance. I recognise on her shoulders the mantle of the late Mrs. Lynn Lynton, a campaigner not less strenuous than she, but less subtle, less formidable.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### PERSIAN PAINTING.

WHAT wanderer in museums has not been now and again fascinated by the exotic charm of one of those Persian miniatures, rare specimens of which are to be seen sometimes exhibited in libraries or, as in the Louvre, appear unexpectedly in a dark corner among furniture and faience? These paintings are so

delicately designed, so rich in colour, so sumptuous in their original mounting, that they stir one's curiosity, they set one wondering about the art they hint at and the world they flower from.

It is in France, above all, that Persian art has been, now for a long time, an enthusiasm and a study among collectors. And this last month, at the Musée des Arts décoratifs, there has been an exhibition to which the fine and choice collections of M. Rouart, M. Raymond Koechlin, M. Gonse and other amateurs—all the great Parisian collectors, in fact—have contributed. It was an opportunity to see something of Persian painting in a more connected manner than is usually possible without special research in various places, and to form some idea of its main trend and character. To complete the exhibition, a great number of carpets, stuffs, and dresses were also lent, besides those already belonging to this museum. These it would be absurd to describe—one must see them; it is enough to say that they were yet another revelation of the Oriental genius for colour. Colour, too, is the most obvious attraction of the paintings. The subjects of these miniatures are, it must be confessed, monotonous; but the colouring is always a delight to the eyes, and was manifestly a delight to the artist as he worked. A young man with the hair just sprouting on his lip and chin, dressed in blue, half-seated, and smiling a little as he beckons with an arrogant gesture; another youth of a more contemplative type, holding in one hand a book, in the other a stalk of flowering narcissus; solitary sages or saints reclining under trees by smoothly flowing water, or on a terrace looking on a vague and tranquil plain, in a luxury of meditation; princes in gorgeous apparel on white-caparisoned horses riding, hawk on wrist, in landscapes of enchanted twilight; hunters pursuing antelopes, shooting arrows as they gallop—one bends down from the saddle and has caught a flying deer by the neck in his bowstring; lovers in gardens, alone among perfumed flowers: such are the subjects that recur again and again. Only occasionally are there scenes of action, assaults on towers or skirmishes of lancers; never is there any seizure of the dramatic moment.

One painting in this exhibition impressed me by its singularity; it showed an ascetic in a landscape, surrounded by all manner of beasts and birds; a sort of Oriental S. Francis, with a bird perched familiarly on his shoulder. But for the most part the atmosphere of this art is that of a luxurious day-dream. There are portraits, some of an exquisite fineness and subtle delineation of character. Among these is one of a very striking personage, a portrait which occurs with little variation in many collections—all doubtless deriving from some more ancient original. This portrait represents a man in the prime of life, stout of frame, robust of aspect, with a face expressive of the utmost energy and command, the dark eyes alert, piercing, and resolute under the folds of the turban. There is something formidable in the whole air of the man; there is both cruelty and humour in the curves of his lips. He squats upon one heel; at his back is a quiver full of arrows. But what strikes one at once as singular in the portrait is the left arm which is thrust in a sort of triangular frame of vine-wood hanging round the neck. Some have supposed this to be the representation of a captive warrior, with his arm imprisoned. But if so, why is he armed, why this expression of self-confidence and command? Above all, why these numerous versions of the same portrait? The natural inference is that this is the likeness of some greatly celebrated man, the demand for which would produce many repetitions. The example in Paris belongs to M. Koechlin; another is at the Louvre; Mr. C. H. Read has one in his collection; and another has recently been discovered in the Bodleian. If these occur in the few European collections, the portrait probably exists in countless versions. Now under the Oxford portrait, and I think others, is written the name Timour, and in the lack of further evidence I shall be content to believe that these are the actual features of the famous and terrible Tamerlane, wearing his paralysed arm in a primitive kind of sling.

This portrait is drawn in line, with discreet touches

of red and blue. And when we begin to examine the dates of the various paintings we notice that the earlier ones, those of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, have mostly very little colour. The later miniatures were painted in India, though of course entirely Persian in tradition. And in these we find not only richer colour but an ebbing of vitality in the workmanship, a loss of cohesion in the designs.

Passing from these eighteenth-century paintings, delightful in their way, to the earlier productions, one feels a marked contrast. One of the most beautiful specimens exhibited is a double page from a manuscript, with two angels, holding each a flower in one hand. Merely touched with colour, drawn in nervous, delicate strokes with a great beauty of rhythmical line, these will remind many people of Aubrey Beardsley (who would certainly have been enthusiastic over them), and will make others think at once of the nervous brush-drawings of China and Japan. This last resemblance is not accidental. For in these Persian paintings we touch the fringe of the old art of Central Asia. In the sand-buried cities of Chinese Turkestan, which Dr. Stein is now exploring, frescoes and panel pictures have been discovered, dating from the eighth century and earlier, which show the same style—the style which reached its central expression and final perfection in the great ages of the Celestial Empire. Only by hints and fragments can we guess at the once flourishing school of Samarcand, in which, no doubt, was painted the original of these many versions of the portrait of Tamerlane. Tamerlane's successor built at the gate of Samarcand a palace of porcelain, which was transported, piece by piece, from China at enormous cost. An earlier monarch sent to China for artists to build and decorate a temple. M. Blochet, in an interesting and learned article in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts", has collected a great deal of evidence, all proving, what the evidence of the paintings would alone lead one to conclude, that the artists of Persia derived from the distant and far more powerful art of China. Mongol types and fashion of drapery are to be traced in their work, the more strongly the farther back one goes: in the earliest miniature I have seen, in a manuscript belonging to the Royal Asiatic Society, this is more evident than in any of those exhibited at Paris. In this manuscript, by the way, are landscapes of rocks and trees which might literally be by the hand of Burne-Jones.

When Japanese paintings were first brought to Europe, collectors, familiar with Persian miniatures, imagined that the old artists of Japan must have found a model for the decorative conventions of their scrolls in these works of Persia. This was a delusion, though a natural one, for the affinity is based on a common origin in Central Asia. All the evidence we possess points to the unity of the Asian Continent, of the ideals pervading it, and to the facility of communication which kept up the continuity of traditions. And here I will note a singular circumstance. Part of the heritage of Alexander was a school of Greek Art in Central Asia, beyond the north-western borders of India. In those buried cities of Khotan which I have mentioned were found masses of letters, written on wood in Sanskrit, but bearing on their clay seals the impress of a Greek design, an Eros or a Heracles. When Buddhism spread north from India Apollo became Buddha, still preserving, often too with scarcely a change of his traditional features, the cast of the Greek draperies: and in the early religious masterpieces of Japan we can recognise, preserved by reverential tradition, this touch of the far-off art of Hellas. And Persia, so near to Greece and to Byzantium, why did not her artists drink from that abundant fountain-head of inspiration? Simply, we must suppose, because here, on the frontier of Asia, the severance from Europe was a cherished idea, and the ancient enmity to Greece an inherited passion. China could deign to borrow from Byzantium the art of cloisonné; but Persia clings with jealous fidelity to the inbred traditions of its own Asia.

LAURENCE BINYON.



## BRITANNIÆ OMNES.

## I.

WHEN Britain rose from out the azure main  
 With guardian flood her happy coasts that laves,  
 She loosed the soul enthralled by error's chain,  
 She smote the shackles from the hands of slaves  
 And spake unto the nations: "He who saves  
 His selfish life shall lose it. They who cast  
 The bread of liberty beside all waves  
 Shall surely reap a thousandfold at last."  
 She cried: "Go forth, my children, fill the vast  
 Unpeopled continents of north and south  
 'Neath freedom's banner streaming down the blast,  
 Its praise re-echoing from each patriot mouth  
 Prophetic of an empire of the free.  
 For Britain's boast shall still be liberty."

## II.

Throned in the West our Lady of the Snow  
 Welcomes the advent of these toiling bands,  
 The island mother's teeming overflow,  
 Who sow with smiling farms her prairie lands.  
 Fain would each settler wield a hundred hands  
 To win the golden harvest for his store,  
 Where Nature far surpassing all demands  
 Of greed, to those who covet most, gives more.  
 Still therefore, mother, still thy myriads pour  
 Eager yet sad, thou art so dear to them,  
 From the three kingdoms to thy daughter's shore,  
 Whose brow is crowned with tenfold diadem.  
 Rose, thistle, shamrock, ne'er from you they'll sever!  
 Your posy's twined with maple leaf for ever.

## III.

The Southern Cross with favour contemplates  
 Sons of its house whose fathers dwelt afar,  
 The constellation of six sister-states,  
 And yet another, still a single star,  
 Whose destiny no envious fate shall mar  
 Or quench the light of their imperial flame,  
 Full-orbed, rolled onward in immortal car,  
 But yearning toward the sun from whence they came,  
 Inheritors of Britain's lofty name.  
 The pride of self is nobler in the thought  
 Of high-born parentage whose worth and fame  
 Are priceless treasure neither sold nor bought.  
 Be proud, Australia, knowing well that she,  
 The heart that bare thee, is as proud of thee!

## IV.

Peace cancels hate and freedom foes disarms!  
 Where now amid the peaceful and the free  
 Is need of swords and trumps and war's alarms  
 And guns with horse and chariot? Time shall be  
 When from the page of Afric's history  
 Rancour shall pass as mountain snows that melt  
 In springtime; fruit of friendly rivalry  
 Plenty shall crown the illimitable veld  
 And all the bloodless swords at wrong be dealt  
 For justice. War of race, an idle name,  
 Shall be like feuds of Saxon and of Kelt,  
 A dream forgotten and a schoolboys' game.  
 Still Boer and Briton, fated to remain  
 Unvanquished, shall their equal league maintain.

## V.

Among earth's mighty ones the mightiest  
 Masters his fellows with a gentle sway,  
 And he who would command all others best  
 Let him the law of government obey,  
 Which saith that who would rule must serve alway  
 The voice of Nature and the weal of man.  
 And thou, O Empire of our later day,  
 Those thy distinctive lineaments who scan  
 Note no divergence from the primal plan  
 Coëval with the dawn of Paradise.  
 A mother queen, as only mothers can,  
 Acclaims the queen in every daughter's eyes  
 And bids each royal sister share her throne.  
 The queen of freedom could not reign alone.

H. W. JUST.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE GOLD ROOM IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 March, 1907.

SIR,—A distinguished foreign scholar who, amongst his multifarious duties and interests in life, devotes much of his spare time to the collecting and study of old plate, complained in unmeasured terms, on a recent visit to the Gold Room of the British Museum, of the entire absence of labels on many specimens and the incompleteness in the description of others, in the miscellaneous collection of plate there. Not only are the labels in a soiled condition unworthy of our National Museum, but they are in innumerable instances deficient in dates and other information necessary to those who take more than a casual interest in this branch of art. The absence of labels has often been responsible for the most grotesque ideas in the mind of the ordinary visitor as to the value of certain silver-gilt vessels; for he not unnaturally assumes that everything in the Gold Room of the colour of gold must necessarily be of that metal.

In one of the wall-cases the writer noted that a German Delft jug with a fluted silver cover, and another jug of German ware mounted by a Nuremberg silversmith, bear no dates of any kind, and that three other jugs on the same shelf are entirely without labels. A serious omission in the eyes of lovers of Old English plate is the lack of a descriptive label on a small jug of a purple-coloured ware which appears to have an English hall-mark, the latter, however, unrecognisable from outside the case. Near by is a Rhodian jug with English silver mounts of 1597, though there is no indication on the label as to the maker's mark. This same showcase also contains a ruby glass bowl, two little beakers, and a large beaker, described as "Augsburg mounts", without, however, any apparent attempt at assigning an approximate date to them—a not impossible task. Here, too, are a jug of brown ware; a miniature "Black Jack" with metal mounts; a painted porcelain tankard and a small jug of white ware, both mounted with metal, all without labels of any description. In the same case is a squat jug with a fluted domed cover, merely labelled as "German stoneware", no attempt having been made at dating the ware and stating the date and country of origin of the mounts.

While the connoisseur could at once recognise the period, the beginner and the casual visitor to the Museum would doubtless be interested to learn the date that the mounts of a stone-ware jug here were wrought at Exeter. He would perhaps be surprised to know for the first time that such mounts were made in goodly numbers by the silversmiths of that city in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. No fewer than ten objects of various kinds on this the lower shelf in this same wall-case remain unlabelled, these articles including a leather botel and a tall cup covered with coral!

The same utter neglect is apparent in the adjoining wall-case, the top shelf alone containing five beakers, a tall covered cup, a goblet, and a curious ewer, all presumably of silver and all without labels. Lower down are a miniature silver mace embossed with the Royal Arms and the cypher C. R., and a mazer bowl, both without explanatory tickets. Two other mediæval mazer bowls of considerable interest and value in this case, including the "Rochester Mazer", should, we venture to think, be fully labelled and the inscriptions engraved on the rims added to the labels, for the benefit of students and others who cannot always refer to the pages of "Archæologia" for a full account. Two of these mazers, we believe, bear interesting inscriptions signifying "May the Holy One bless us and our drink", and "At least have pity on me, have pity on me, O my friends" (Job xix. 21). The "Rochester Mazer", which is stamped with the London date-letter for 1532-3, is engraved with an inscription showing that it had belonged to the

monk Robert Peckham, of the Benedictine priory of Rochester.

A Scandinavian horn, labelled 15th century, is apparently inscribed, though no copy of the inscription is appended.

A nut cup, with silver-gilt mounts in the manner of the sixteenth century, is deemed unworthy of a label; and the marks on the "Lübeck cup" are only meagrely described.

The small beaker-shape cup with cover, of crystal, with silver-gilt mounts, is dismissed with the label "Crystal cup 1554". Would it not be interesting to know where this cup was made, and how the exact year has been determined?

A tall gilt ship in this case is devoid of any label indicating its metal, date, and country of origin.

The inquiring mind would desire some explanation of the labels on the tall slender cylindrical flagon of crystal or glass, with an enamelled shield of arms on the cover, cursorily described as "Lord Burleigh's cup, about 1580". Nothing is here said, it will be observed, as to whether it is of English or foreign workmanship. The "Aston tankard"—a fine and elaborate piece of work—is only labelled as "English 1609", and no explanation is offered as to the reason for its title. The latter point, however, is unimportant in comparison with the omission of a description of a maker's mark, if such exists, and a remark as to whether it is of London or provincial make.

The fine Nautilus cup, labelled as German work of the year 1601, in this case, presumably originated at one of the unknown guilds in Germany, otherwise it would perhaps—though in view of similar omissions this is not certain—have been described as wrought at Augsburg or Nuremberg.

It is verily a sad and humiliating sight to the earnest student to observe in this small, though not unimportant collection of plate and objects of art, so large a proportion of its contents not only inadequately described, but in many instances entirely unlabelled. No adequate excuse can be suggested for the absence of labels from these objects.

Among the other vessels, the total numbering about fifty, in this same wall-case which remain undescribed are an owl; two crowing cocks, reminding one of the "Cockayne" cocks in the possession of the Skinners' Company; a tazza-shape bowl embossed with what appear to be four medallions of the Evangelists and embellished with an enamel of S. Paul in the centre; an English silver spoon with a "Maidenhead" top; two silver beakers; a large parcel-gilt dish; a large two-handled tankard covered with elaborate silver work in the style of the last half of the seventeenth century; several foreign spoons; and an ivory tankard with gilt mounts. Other objects here are only meagrely described, as for instance a large circular silver-gilt dish of English work, engraved with the arms of Gippes and Poley, which is undated.

These scanty notes were taken in the Gold Room on a dull day, and therefore the writer makes no claim to accuracy in these brief details.

Some uncharitable critics have suggested that the neglect now complained of may in part be due to the anxiety of certain officials in our public museums to increase their incomes by writing articles for magazines and by publishing un-official books. But, as one who has profited by the contributions of several museum officials, I must decline to share that view, preferring to think that this negligence results from indifference.

Students of the goldsmiths' art have for some time been waiting for the promised revised catalogue, in the cheap edition, of the priceless Rothschild Collection of Works of Art in the British Museum. The first catalogue, issued eight years ago, in 1899, is marked "Under Revision", but no revised edition has, so far as we know, yet appeared.

Yours,  
A STUDENT.

#### EASTERTIDE IN PARIS, 1907.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair,  
8 April, 1907.

SIR,—That the great mass of the French nation is composed of attractive and excellent elements, that the French as a whole are an intelligent, gifted, industrious and artistic people is true. But what is the present state of internal affairs in France? By what manner of men is she governed? Has she an effective army and a reliable navy? Is her financial condition sound, her trade prospering, and her labouring classes quiescent and contented?

Those really acquainted with the political crisis through which France is passing at the present moment, and who can examine with unbiassed judgment the composition not only of M. Clémenceau's Ministry, but also that of those which immediately preceded it, who know the fell influence of the Bourse de Travail upon the industrial population, who are aware of the fierce persecution which the atheistical party—who now hold the reins of political power—have been and are inflicting upon the Catholic Church, and watch with anxious terror for the development of Collectivism and the possibility of a national bankruptcy in the immediate future, cannot look upon the so-called Entente Cordiale between our country and France as likely to be of any real advantage to the former. Indeed it might be a step in the direction of our national ruin.

I passed six days in Paris at Easter, from Thursday, 28 March, until Wednesday, 3 April. A description of the observations I was able to make during that period give a true picture of the unrest, uncertainty and general disorganisation now prevailing in that metropolis, although to the casual observer all appears calm and tranquil.

I arrived late on the Thursday night. On the following morning I proceeded to Notre Dame, where the Good Friday Mass of the Præ-sanctified was celebrated at ten o'clock. Notre Dame, being a cathedral and not a parish church, is not as a rule as well attended as most Parisian churches; but on this Good Friday it was completely filled. The proportion of men was quite two-fifths of the congregation. The long service was reverently followed and crowds went up to kiss the crucifix. All day long in all the Parisian churches never-ending crowds passed through to adore the Cross and give a small alms. Thousands and tens of thousands must have passed through the doors. Not a sign of irreverence, of lightness of conduct was visible.

In the evening I went to the Odéon Theatre, which was, through the instrumentality of M. Briand when Minister of Public Instruction, turned into a National Theatre on the same lines as the Théâtre Français (with a large Governmental subsidy), for the ostensible purpose of producing plays that would elevate and instruct the people. The theatre was packed from floor to ceiling, and the audience included a very considerable number of children. The advertised performance was an ancient and very beautiful "Mystery" of the fifteenth century describing the "Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ". But before playing the "Mystery" a drama entitled "Joseph of Arimathea" was produced. This drama in three acts, admirably staged and admirably acted, was nothing more or less than an elaborate denial of the Resurrection, giving as an explanation that Joseph of Arimathea, fearing that the Jewish leaders might profane the body of Christ, stole it away from the tomb on the Sabbath day following the Crucifixion and buried it in his own secret cellar. The Holy Women and the Apostles, finding the tomb empty, believe their Lord has risen. Joseph of Arimathea leaves them in this pious delusion, and so the Christian faith and the legend of the Resurrection is started. "Follies of women, ignorance of peasants" is Joseph of Arimathea's judgment on the subject. Following this blasphemous production came the "Mystery", also played to perfection, but played with the intention to show that the religious history therein described was purely a myth founded upon the



incidents given in the previous play. The audience never murmured at any of the sentiments conveyed in either play, and applauded the Sacred Character and his Disciples alike. I do not believe in any other country in Europe or America such a performance would have been tolerated for a moment, and I think the actors would have been roughly handled.

The following morning, Holy Saturday, the churches were again crowded for the blessing of the fonts and the Paschal Candle. A pretty ceremony takes place at most churches in France upon that day, the children of the parish, rich and poor alike, being brought into the church to receive the blessing of the curé. At S. Augustin, where I saw it take place, there must have been at least two hundred mites between the ages of a few months and some six or seven years.

During the day I had various interviews with different important persons, who described to me the impending strike, the anti-militarist propaganda which is insidiously destroying all discipline in the army and navy, and the fact that all over the country agitators are prowling about with the avowed object of setting the agricultural labourer against his employer; the factory labourer against the owner of the mill; the miner against the proprietor of the mine he works in; the sailor against his ship; the soldier against the sergeant; the sergeant against the commissioned officer. In the navy disorder and indiscipline prevail, and the officers are rapidly losing all control of their men.

All over Paris placards are posted calling upon the men of various trades (I particularly remarked bakers and builders) to join in defeating their employers, and inciting the journeyman bakers to burn the tables of rules for their conduct in the ovens under their charge before refusing to work any longer. The violence of the language in some of these manifestoes was remarkable.

The loss to the country by driving away the religious orders has been very great. The Sisters and Brothers of Charity, who formerly taught in two-thirds of the schools, having been expelled, the Government are at their wits' end to replace them. Most of the new school masters and mistresses are rabid Socialists and imbued with the anti-Nationalist doctrines of M. Hervé, who said: "Le drapeau de France devrait être planté dans du fumier." The school teachers as a body are already organising themselves into a trades union, which as Government employees they have no right to do; but to this argument they—the teachers—will not even listen.

The Government is too weak to fight Socialism, although every concession made to the Extremists only brings out further demands from the Irreconcilables.

In the hospitals the nursing nuns have been replaced by ignorant "gardes malades" of both sexes, who neglect and often ill-use their patients, and hospital scandals are the order of the day.

On Easter Sunday the churches were again filled to suffocation at every mass, 2,000 men took the communion together at Notre Dame; but the new law of weekly rest is causing great confusion and inconvenience. On Easter Sunday the shops in the poorer quarters were all opened, to be shut on Easter Monday.

Easter Monday was a general holiday, and an enormous number of persons proceeded to Longchamp Racecourse. No races had been run there since the raging mob burnt down the stands last October. They (the stands) have now been replaced by magnificent and costly edifices in which much marble has been used, and must have cost much money. Hardly anyone seemed to take a keen interest in the racing; the energies of the spectators were concentrated upon the various Pari Mutuel booths. An enormous sum must have been paid into them, of which the Government gets 5 per cent. profit.

In the evening I saw a remarkable performance at the Variétés—"La Revue Centenaire"—that theatre having been built in 1807. As the censorship of plays is now abolished, the Government could not stop

this performance, which must be very distasteful to its members, who are caricatured and mocked all through the piece, from M. Clémenceau downwards. In the final tableau we had a representation of the exterior of the Tuileries, with the return of Napoleon after the campaign of 1807. This excited enormous enthusiasm—the whole house rising with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

France is now divided into three camps: the first contains all that is honest, respectable and religious in the country, who are weary of being governed by a succession of unpatriotic and dishonest tyrants. The second consists of those tyrants themselves and their followers, with a large band of avowed Socialists and Anarchists in their train; while the third, and perhaps the largest, section is composed of persons who are indifferent, timid or opportunists.

What is likely to occur in the immediate future? Those who know best fear a terrible social upheaval, involving much bloodshed and probably entailing the interference of Germany.

And should Germany intervene—perhaps ostensibly as a restorer of order and harbinger of domestic peace for France—what may not follow?

One thing is certain—the present French Government is unqualified for the task it has undertaken, and every institution in the country is menaced. "We are", said a few days since a distinguished Frenchman and a man of great experience, "living on a volcano."

I remain, faithfully yours,

JESSICA SYKES.

#### WOMAN'S FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 5 April, 1907.

SIR,—After noting the fact that your correspondent "A Member's" guess as to my sex is wrong, I must decline to follow the suggestion that I should write an apologia pro vitâ meâ as a politician, and this for the following reason, among many, that the attitude to political questions of a great historical party is a matter of fair comment for all patriotic persons of any party. Why, Sir, it is not so many years ago that the SATURDAY REVIEW itself tried to reconstruct the Liberal party on Imperialistic lines.

The "Member" complains that I gave him no arguments. The best argument is that the Tory party exists inter alia to preserve the interests of the Church and the rights of property, and that an alteration in the franchise which would have the effect of adding Church people and property-owners to the electorate should naturally commend itself to the Tory party. He may call this opportunist, or something worse. It might be so in the case of an anti-suffragist Liberal who believes that the casting of a vote at an election is the highest privilege enjoyed by man. But Tories, I always supposed, thought poorly of democratic principles, and have tolerated the ballot box for men only as a necessary evil. Consequently they can only judge franchise reforms on grounds of expediency.

As for your comments, Mr. Editor, may I ask in turn, is it not rather hard that thousands of respectable citizens should be deprived of the right of voting because a few advocate it in a way that seems undignified? I question, too, if you are right in your view that most Churchwomen do not support the extension of the franchise to their sex. If it be so, it shows that such ladies have little regard for the advice of some of their most eminent fathers in God, the late Archbishop of Canterbury—Dr. Temple—and the present Bishop of Birmingham.

Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

P.S.—It is nihil ad rem: but I agree with "A Member" that on many occasions has the Tory party rendered great services to the Church. But even to this subject there are two sides, as he will discover if he will read Mr. George Russell's article in the current "Albany Review".

## REVIEWS.

## ASTRINGENT CRABBE.

René Huchon: "Un Poète Réaliste Anglais—George Crabbe." Paris: Hachette. 1906.

"George Crabbe and His Times." By René Huchon. Translated by Frederick Clarke. London: Murray. 1907. 15s. net.

THE Church of England under Hanoverian auspices was shepherded in a rather miscellaneous manner, but nobody will deny that she put forth, in those times of apparent inertia, a remarkable wealth of salty character and genius. Crabbe's face, as it has come down to us in the most familiar of his portraits, would set him apart as an individual observer of life. A face so acute and sardonic will take its position quite naturally in that astonishing group of incongruous clerics whose mordant personalities gain vigour, so to speak, from the background of respectable convention in which their daily duties were supposed to revolve. Judged by his writings, however, Crabbe has more of the parson than Swift or Sterne, and more even than Sydney Smith. His poetry is essentially a country parson's poetry. Not, it is true, the country parson as he has usually been imagined. The primly pure devotion of Herbert, the rural delicacy of Herrick, are of quite another age and region than Crabbe's. Religion in Crabbe's day had lost the mystical touch, and he lived moreover in East Anglia, far away from the velvet lawns and primrose dells of that England on which our poets too habitually insist. None the less his poems declare him a real Englishman and parson, dwelling in a landscape no less real if sadly forlorn, and sympathetically noting, in their natural orbits, a typical if somewhat depressing group of English lives. For Crabbe these were happy misfortunes. He contains the very genius of his native soil, and, living there, was removed from all temptation to indulge in the pasteboard vistas which "enraptured the gaze" of urban couplet-teers. He was a resident parson, too, and could write of human nature as he saw it, in preference to those rustic joys and pieties which often have figured so effectively in the village sermons of an absentee. Some poets are killed by preoccupation with a locality, and in principle (no doubt) all poetry should be more or less independent of geography. But there are some epochs in which a poet can only be saved by localness, and Crabbe is a good instance. He was lucky too, poetically speaking, in his scientific turn. Confronted all his life with a material quite new to poetry, and endowed with an instinct of exact observation, he wrested poetry from the real world in an age when poets had ceased to use their eyes and the beautiful had become a lifeless dogma. Crabbe is simply made for his pigeon-hole in the cabinets of literary historians agog with "historical method". He is the realist who must always occur in any national literature before a romantic revival can happen. Romanticism is not, as some people evidently fancy, a revolt against realism. It is a revolt against the sham rhapsody. To achieve this revolution, the realist is a necessary step, and not infrequently the two steps are taken together, so that a wild romanticist like Baudelaire is at the same time a morbid realist. There are times when the lexicon of things beautiful and poetically possible becomes effete and stereotyped, when the woodland which poets admire is a woodland of the proscenium, and their emotion itself a puppet emotion. Before they can learn the real thrill obtainable from real trees it is requisite that somebody should point out the value, for art, of dead dogs floating on pools. This, in effect, was the tonic shock administered to contemporary minds by such a writer as Crabbe. He completely killed the pastoral convention, and his real peasants, contracting rheumatism—

"Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,  
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew"—  
are the natural precursors, for poetry, of truly spiritualised figures like Wordsworth's Michael or the Leech-gatherer.

It is worth note that Crabbe, while decorous enough in his use of an approved "poetic" diction, and content even with the established couplet, has "actuality" in a degree which Wordsworth's poetry never attempts, for all its revolutionary achievement in style and point of view. Wordsworth's shepherds and leech-gatherers, however indigenous to the Lake District, resemble Millet's peasant figures in the sort of primeval loneliness and solemnity which invest them, detaching them, in spite of their homely details, from time and place and enlarging them past human against a background of wide sky. Crabbe, attaining poetry (of the less profound order) by his perfect perception of half-tones, always sees his people moving on the flat, and is the shrewd friend with whom they are really familiar, not the benign eccentric that Wordsworth (one suspects) must have seemed to his rural acquaintances. Crabbe's outlook is wholly untouched by that magnifying mist of abstraction, that hint of weirdness and philosophic aloofness, which after all is the main thing in Wordsworth's atmosphere. It is delightful to find in this work of M. Huchon a footnote to the effect that Crabbe's works were responsible for the "earliest influence in the direction of realism" felt by Mr. Thomas Hardy. The affinity of the two poets is quite remarkable.

"Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,  
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;  
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,  
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;  
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,  
And a sad splendour vainly shines around."

Every word might be Mr. Hardy's, and the mood is his to the life. Nature in her profuse indifference to mankind, the pathos of all human effort, scenes of decay and neglect, the stoicism of dull-hearted misery, the frailties (rather than crimes) which are the hinge of human tragedy, attract both writers in precisely the same way, appeal to them in the same aspect—of form rather than of colour—and elicit a remarkably similar kind of pleasingly monotonous music. No other two writers in English, so distant in time, answer so fully all the tests of a genuine comparison. Both are in essence democratic poets. Neither is conscious, in his psychology, of social distinctions. Each is peculiarly gifted with that extremely unusual and powerful faculty which we can only define as a poetically scientific eye—an almost perverse genius of observation, accompanied by an equal genius of selection in obedience to a sad rhythm of feeling. Both are thoroughly East Anglian in temperament, Crabbe finding a pale landscape ready to his mood, while Mr. Hardy has deliberately extracted one from the green counties of Wessex. We have emphasised this comparison because it seems to us to yield, at the present day, a quite admirable method for an appreciation of Crabbe.

Of M. Huchon's volume (not at all badly translated by Mr. Clarke) we may say, in one word, that it is the work of an expert. Like all characteristic pieces of modern French criticism, it is wholly free from that vice of disproportion which in the work of an English critical biographer copiously dealing with a poet below the first rank would be simply inevitable. M. Huchon belongs to that class so few and far between but so necessary to literature—the man of letters' men of letters. With quite astonishing patience and research he has reconstructed the social setting of Crabbe's time, and what he does not know about Crabbe is not knowledge. If only as a piece of social history the work is full of value. Our main praise, however, we reserve for the judgment and taste with which M. Huchon has made his quotations. They almost invariably illustrate his point. The hugeness of the volume (so far outweighing, it might seem, the importance of the subject) may deter all but the minutest students of English literature. It is therefore worth while to say that we have never seen a book of the kind in which the subject as a whole has so successfully survived such a mass of detail.



## A POLITICAL SOLDIER.

"From Naboth's Vineyard." By Sir William Butler, G.C.B. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER is a General, a Grand Cross of the Bath, a soldier who has made himself somewhat of a celebrity not only by his deeds in war but by his having taken part in other transactions which have lately attracted the attention of the public. He was rightly or wrongly credited with being out of touch with Lord Milner when he was General at the Cape just before the outbreak of the South African war. At any rate he resigned his appointment, and as we read these pages we are not surprised. Clearly, if this book represents the views which he held at that time, he was unfit to conduct operations, for it is a trite maxim, which he is too knowledgeable a soldier to gainsay, that politics and strategy must be in harmony. Freed entirely in the course of time from military restraint Sir William's next exploit was the writing of a report as President of the War Stores Commission which filled the public with amazement. The "Puttied pantaloons" and the other alliteratives no doubt caused their author delight when he penned them. But a joke may be bought at too dear a price, and we imagine Sir William must have regretted in cool blood the laughs he raised when he was merry. Now he has given us a saner production, but one largely tinged with the same taint that has marred his recent work. Long ago Sir William showed the world that he possessed considerable literary ability. He showed that he had other valuable qualifications too.

But if our author is a General, he is a journalist as well. As long as he can have his fling at the political personages he abhors, he will let his ready pen run riot. The art of linking jingling sentences together is his; a sense of humour brightens up the diatribes every here and there. But the shaft of the wit is too uniformly directed against his own countrymen, sometimes against the British soldier, occasionally against a brother officer. Written as the chapters originally were, in the shape of "letters" to a Liberal daily paper, they supplied well enough the object which they were produced. Chinese slavery and the folly of the war were election cries that had to be kept before the public. The writer chosen was just the man no doubt. But we regret to find a General of distinction willing to write of concentration camps thus: "No wonder the graves were numerous. There were between two and three thousand women and children gathered in here from east and west; like the sheep, except that they had food and water, they died plentifully all the same. . . . The death-rate among the children was 480 per thousand per annum. But that was nothing. A hundred miles further the children died at the rate of 1,951 per thousand per annum. . . . 'Stagger humanity' indeed! What did old Kruger know about such a thing? He was only a poor lion-hunter, who could cut off half his own hand when a gunshot had shattered it. We are made of sterner stuff." Yet with a magnanimity unparalleled in history it was we who collected the women and children of our enemies in the field, left by the fighting men to perish unprovided for in any way. But for our action either the war must have ended or not a woman or child would have survived. We say nothing of the exaggeration of the figures, or of the fact that it was the insatiable habits of the Boer families themselves that caused the sickness that did exist. The bubble of "Chinese slavery" has been so recently pricked, and the authors of the cry that paid at the General Election are now themselves so weary of it, that we wonder it is thought politic to print once more the nonsense here dished up about compounds and "animals" and the rest of it; but to those who are not weary of it there is plenty of the tap that has grown nauseating to most. What however will really disappoint those who suck it in with the old relish is that Sir William finally comes to the conclusion that the Chinese must stay where they are for the present! The bag and baggage policy which was so valiantly proclaimed more than a year ago is found impracticable even by the latest prophet

who has been called to counsel. Only once does our General interrupt the monotone of partisanship to record an opinion on military operations, a subject he could "an he would" no doubt handle well. He tells us that Glencoe Junction and not Dundee was the correct military position for Sir Penn Symons to have held at the outbreak of the war. The selection of the position at the latter town "probably cost England two hundred millions sterling". We do not know that strategists will fall in with this view, any more than the stalwarts of the Radical party will accept the assurance that the Chinese must stay where they are, but most Englishmen will rejoice when a soldier with a record of active service like Sir William Butler's pauses for a moment from partisanship which is not nicely suited to the character of an officer who wears the King's uniform.

## THE WILD AUSTRALIAN.

"The Natives of Australia." By N. W. Thomas. London: Constable. 1906. 6s. net.

LIKE many other books which are members of a series, and therefore written to order, this volume is scarcely the work of an expert writing from information gained at first-hand. But Mr. Thomas, though perhaps rather to be classed as a student than as an originator, is at the least a reasoning and judicious student. His book, if something less than an original contribution to science, is something more than a popular sketch. It fairly summarises the results of a century of investigation into the origin, qualities, powers and habits of the Australian Blackfellow, and is as pleasantly written as a compendium which is in many places a mass of details can well be. The publishers have not been grudging in the matter of print and paper, and, while most of the illustrations are above the average, the author is quite justified in claiming that Plate XXVIII. is of special interest. On the whole the book may be honestly recommended to such as care to take a certain amount—not very large—of trouble to form an estimate of the vanishing natives of Australia.

As a test of Mr. Thomas' judgment we may take his treatment of two or three of the best known of the many vexed questions which agitate Australian ethnologists. Whence came the Australian? To what pitch of tribal and social organisation did he rise? What, if any, was his conception of a Supreme Being? Mr. Thomas displays a wise caution in pronouncing the existence of man in Australia in geological ages altogether unproven. Coming to historical man, he admits the practical isolation of the Australian black, despite slight and occasional contact with Papuans at Cape York and Malays on the north and north-west coasts. He inclines with some hesitation to the theory which sees in the Tasmanians the first human inhabitants of the Austral continent—feeble, stunted, frizzly-haired, eolithic men, finally driven from the mainland by the taller, stronger, neolithic tribes, straighter in hair and rather lighter in hue, who possessed Australia till the white men came to degrade or destroy them. Under this head the only criticism to which Mr. Thomas lays himself open is a suggestion of over-caution; he inclines to the most reasonable theory but is scarcely emphatic enough in pointing out the hopelessly untenable character of every alternative that so far has been urged. He scarcely makes enough, for instance, of the Tasmanian strain clearly discernible in the Victorian Blackfellows, among whom not only was curly hair common but stature was relatively low, though their climate is the best in Australia and their country the most abundant food-producing district.

Mr. Thomas, again, appears to the present writer to look upon the organisation of the tribes as somewhat closer and the authority of the tribal chiefs as somewhat greater than they probably were. The present writer inclines to the view that the most effective power among the tribes was wielded by the headmen of the smaller groups rather than by the central chiefs. The Australian blacks lived emphatically in scattered, loosely-knit, minute bands, wandering in their everlasting search of food over large, sometimes immense,

areas. Illustrations of tribal dances and other ceremonies are apt to make the general reader think of them as considerable congregations. These gatherings however were more in the nature of episodes; their normal condition was that of roving groups, as Mr. Thomas correctly indicates. Did these prowling handfuls of humanity rise to the conception of a god, creator and destroyer, dealer of rewards and punishments? Mr. Thomas clearly leans to the side which maintains that they did. If we are scarcely prepared to go with him, it must be admitted that he errs—if indeed he errs—in very good company, and that he states with much fairness the case for the nobler estimate of the blacks' view of the unseen world. For ourselves we cannot forget that white men have lived in Australia for a hundred and twenty years. It is certain that songs and chants or stories are passed on from group to group and tribe to tribe in Australia over wide areas and sometimes very quickly. The natives, however slow or unable to become reasoning Christians, were quite able to pick up and transmit picturesque features of Christian story. It does not require proof of direct missionary influence to explain certain quasi-Christian touches in the myths of the Blackfellows. Apart from white influence we confess ourselves sceptical of the existence of any "religion" amongst Australians which cannot be referred to ancestor-worship and a belief in the potency of the ghosts of the dead. We can scarcely imagine any careful student of Spencer and Gillen's analysis of the beliefs and ceremonies of the natives of the central desert taking any other view.

Perhaps, however, the unsettled questions above touched on may best be left for future generations of antipodean pundits to wrangle over. Most of us will be more interested in Mr. Thomas' friendly picture of the Blackfellow engaged in his struggle for existence in the hot, dry continent. What, we find ourselves asking again and again, was the real potentiality of this heavily handicapped branch of the human race? Our author's estimate of the intelligence of the Blackfellows is higher than the popular verdict. He reminds us that Australians could pick up a working knowledge of new tribal languages in a few days. He quotes the instances of West Australians who were said to have learned the use of the sextant in a single lesson, and of a certain native who is reported to have learned the art of knitting in five minutes. Even if we admit these cases to be exceptional there is plenty of evidence to show the great quickness of native children in picking up knowledge. And though this acquisitive power seems partially arrested at the approach of maturity, a study of the crafts and habits of the adult natives reveals no lack of ingenuity. Whether we regard them as hunters, fishermen, cooks, mummers or story-tellers, unintelligence is about the last word fairly to be applied to them. What puzzles the student is the combination of striking, sometimes astonishing, skill, with the strangest mental gaps and limitations. As hunters the blacks could invent and use the boomerang and the throwing handle for spears; could track game with an accuracy that still amazes white bushmen; and could noose and spear birds with a silent dexterity that strikes the civilised beholder as almost superhuman. As fishermen they were not only up to all the usual tricks of the trade as practised by savages, who hook, net, spear, or poison in the world's waters, but they could build such a huge complicated and permanent structure as the great fish weirs on the Darling river. Their cookery of animal food was usually, though not invariably, rude enough; but in dealing with the dry stringy and unpalatable wild fruits and vegetables of their continent they displayed an amount of skill which one can only call wasted upon material for the most part thankless. To take a single instance, let anyone note the elaborate process by which Queensland blacks extracted a wholesome meal from native yams. Yet with all this ingenuity, and much more, the blacks knew nothing of the working of metals, of pottery or weaving, or of shepherding. They were not even tillers of the ground, though Mr. Thomas does his best for them by showing that in one or two spots a sort of rude cultivation of yams and portulacca was practised. Australia in the hands of whites is a great

food-producing country. It not only supports thirty times as many whites as the highest number the blacks ever reached, but helps to feed Great Britain. All this however has been brought about by the introduction of European animals and European fruits and cereals. Australia as the whites found it, rich in flowers, was singularly poor in fruits and life-sustaining roots. None of its beasts, except the dingo, lent themselves easily to domestication. So some of the limitations of the Blackfellow are not hard to understand. Others are more difficult. Why in a country where bird life is so abundant did the savage make no effort to domesticate and breed birds? Why was the use of the bow unknown to nearly all the tribes and yet known to a few? Why, so unlike the Malays, the Papuans, the Melanesians, and the Maori, were the Australians such wretched canoe-men that they only very rarely ventured beyond their estuaries and bays? If to these and other similar questions the book before us supplies no answer, it is because the mystery of arrested development remains as unsolved in the case of the Australians as in that of other dying races who have failed to rise from a low stage before coming into contact with the white man.

#### A VENTURESOME BISHOP.

"Twenty Years of Continental Work and Travel."

By the Right Rev. Bishop Wilkinson. London: Longmans. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

BISHOP WILKINSON has given us in this volume a very interesting and entertaining record of his varied and sometimes exciting experience as Bishop of Northern and Central Europe. As to the nature and opportunities of episcopal work in such a sphere—"vast in its extent but sketchy and shadowy in its outline, with a jurisdiction apparently unsubstantial, and in a great degree dependent upon the personality of the Bishop"—Sir Edmund Monson has something to say in the preface which he contributes to the book. He speaks with warm sympathy and appreciation of the Bishop's work, and remarks on the "exceptional situation" in which English chaplains abroad find themselves placed. There can indeed be no doubt that the demand for the ministrations of the English Church in every country of Europe is at present very real and not likely to diminish. Few people realise what large numbers of our countrymen are permanently resident abroad. The Bishop casually mentions, for example, three thousand English lace-makers at Calais who for fifty years (1815-1865) were left without a chaplain. A striking anecdote—one of many—will illustrate the eagerness with which Church ministrations are welcomed. The Bishop tells us of a Confirmation held in the autumn of 1890 at Stockholm. A young English lady was one of the candidates. "She had come to Stockholm, a journey of seventy miles, every Saturday since Christmas to attend the Confirmation classes on Sunday, returning on the Monday! . . . Are not these continental English, many of them, worthy of the long and trying journeys which their Bishop has to take for their welfare?"

This book also affords ample testimony to the effect produced on foreigners by the sober and dignified ceremonial of the English Church. On one occasion the Bishop stayed at Gotha with a German gentleman who witnessed, with many of his compatriots, a Confirmation in a church lent by the municipality for the purpose. "My host said to me in the evening 'I have learnt much to-day. I did not know what the English Church was; but when I saw you at the close of the service lift your right hand in benediction, holding your pastoral staff in the left, then I said *Der Engländer (sic) Kirche ist Katolisch.*'"

It is difficult to characterise this book as a whole. It might, we think, have been made of more permanent value if incidents had been grouped together more systematically, and if the writer's scattered impressions had been brought more definitely to a focus. As it is, there is perhaps some lack of selection and discrimination in the record. The volume is in effect a diary or journal of incidents



extending over some twenty years, and the matter is of a most miscellaneous character. There are observant descriptions of foreign cities like Moscow, S. Petersburg, Coblenz, Copenhagen, Warsaw; notes of conversations with people of all sorts and conditions, from royal personages to celebrities like Father John of Cronstadt, Maxim Gorky the novelist, and Lord Dufferin. What strikes us as remarkable is the extraordinary variety of experiences which may fall to the lot of a cultivated traveller whose office is of recognised dignity and whose personality is capable of winning its way among people of all ranks and classes. Bishop Wilkinson has been an honoured guest in the various palaces of Europe; he has had hairbreadth escapes by land and by sea; he has at different times inspected a Russian prison, the Czar's yacht, and even a Viking ship; he has found himself at home in the residences of ambassadors in many lands; he has many a time sat at the table of a poorly-paid chaplain. His intimacy with foreigners has also enabled him occasionally to give details at first hand illustrating various passages of recent history—for instance, the escape of the Empress from Paris in 1870, and the assassinations of the Empress of Austria and of the Czar Alexander II. There are also many anecdotes, personal and general, of considerable interest. On the other hand, we think the Bishop has devoted too much of his space to the minor details of travel which form the staple of an ordinary tourist's journal. The book in fact suffers from a certain lack of perspective. Nevertheless we lay it down with a sense of having surveyed the Continent under the guidance of one singularly well qualified to pass a judgment on what he has observed, and to direct the reader's attention to what is of salient interest in a somewhat kaleidoscopic scene.

One very satisfactory feature of the Bishop's record is that it testifies to the very cordial and happy relations subsisting between the various chaplains and their diocesan. He alludes to only a single exception to the general harmony and goodwill with which his ministrations have been welcomed. This is a fact very creditable to the Bishop's tact and skill in the management of men, especially when we consider the force of Sir E. Monson's remark on foreign chaplains: "I doubt if it be possible to find a body of men, of limited number, professing the same faith, actuated unquestionably by the same motives, inspired by the same principles, who nevertheless exemplify more thoroughly the truth of the old maxim *Quot homines tot sententiae*. . . . Dwellers in a foreign land; isolated in most cases from colleagues with whom it would be advantageous to be in close touch; insensibly but unavoidably influenced by local surroundings, by the habits of life, the methods of thought, the prejudices, nay, even the example of the mass of the people with whom they necessarily come somewhat in contact", they obviously need in a peculiar degree the conciliating influence and the authoritative guidance of an "officially recognised arbiter". That Bishop Wilkinson has succeeded in making episcopal control at once effective and welcome to those whose work he was appointed to superintend is attested not only by Sir E. Monson's appreciative testimony, but by the evidence of the journal itself. The final remark may be made that Bishop Wilkinson has evidently succeeded in making an excellent impression on the official representatives of other churches abroad. The friendliness of the Orthodox Russian Church was displayed in a remarkable outburst of goodwill when the Bishop visited S. Petersburg in February 1896. The demonstrations of sympathy were so unusual as even to invite comment from the "Times".

#### NOVELS.

"The Kinsman." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

This is a comedy of errors, extravagant and amusing. Bert Gammage, a City clerk of inferior flashy type, descended in the maternal line from a county family, meets while holiday-making a hitherto unknown kinsman from Australia. The two men are amazingly alike in feature and physique. Bert, having fair grounds for

believing that his newly-found cousin Roger Blois has been drowned while bathing, and having got his own private affairs into a tangle, boldly assumes the clothes, baggage, and identity of the missing man (who, as he is aware, has never been in England before). In his new rôle he finds himself engaged to visit the head of the family, a fiery squire with a charming daughter, and discovers that he has become the heir to an entailed estate. His eccentricities of dress and manner on the unfamiliar scene of a country house are made too farcical, but are genuinely comic. Meanwhile the real Roger Blois, fished out of the sea half-dead, suffering from concussion of the brain, and with a hand too badly damaged to write, is assumed to be Bert Gammage suffering from loss of memory. He is nearly locked up as a lunatic when he fights against the density of stupid rustics. Given the facts of the case, a penniless stranger would find it very hard to right himself. But Mrs. Sidgwick is merciful, and does not hesitate to stretch coincidences and invent unlikely situations in her hero's interests.

"The Second Evil." By Sadi Grant. London: Long. 1906. 6s.

There is nothing very new in this story. Two sisters left penniless set up a tea-shop in a Welsh watering-place, after a dreary experience of a cheap London boarding-house. The pretty younger sister has had a flirtation with an agreeable young man who is not prepared to marry a pauper, and finds that her only way of escape from penury is by means of marriage with a vulgar but golden-hearted elderly admirer. So the girls go to Japan in order to think things over and let the author bring in some local colour. On the way they are wrecked at Perim, where, we may observe, they encounter a being such as never was on sea or land—a Mohammedan who keeps pigs! The aforesaid local colour harmonises better with the Yellow than with the Red Sea, for the Japanese scenes are as they ought to be. We do not like the ending of the story: in spite of the instance to the contrary in "The Mill on the Floss", capable novelists do not introduce sudden and violent deaths to end sentimental complications.

"The House of Rest." By Mrs. Fred. Reynolds. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1907. 6s.

A blameless little story written with a good deal of charm and vivacity. After ten years' struggle with poverty in London Leone Lorraine finds herself, after her mother's death, mistress of a small fortune. In looking through her mother's papers she comes across a letter written some years back by her girlhood's lover, David Lytham, asking her to be his wife. This letter her mother had purposely withheld in order not to lose her daughter, and David receiving no reply had gone off to the East. Leone, with her wealth, believing love can never be hers, longs to fill the lives of others with happiness. She therefore establishes in the country a "house of rest" to which she invites those who have been worsted in life's contest. Here come the nerve-worn widower and his little motherless girl, the weary cripple whose health hangs on rest and change, the airy young lady with nerves awry, and the lady "who has seen better days". With these elements Mrs. Reynolds makes fair play. It need hardly be added that virtue has its reward. The lost lover returns, marries Leone, and with her carries on the good work of the "house of rest".

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Life of Richard John Seddon." By James Drummond. London: Siegle, Hill. 1907. 15s. net.

An opportune biography. Mr. Seddon did much to contribute to the success of the Colonial Conferences in the Diamond Jubilee and Coronation years. Less than eleven months ago he wrote to a friend in England that if all went well he would again represent his colony in 1907, and bring Mrs. Seddon and members of his family to London with him. "I do not anticipate, however, that much good will eventuate, and if we hold what has already been conceded I shall be satisfied." His opinion of the Radical Government's readiness to do anything in furtherance of Imperial consolidation was clearly a poor one. Possibly he felt that Ministers at home

would not see their way to imitate his own ideals of Socialism blended with Imperialism. "Dick" Seddon was to New Zealand all that—perhaps more than—Sir Henry Parkes was to New South Wales. When he first went into Parliament as a miners' representative the colony was in a bad way. A slender population was actually losing through emigration, and credit was menaced by an economic régime based partly upon Free Trade and partly upon a too ready propensity to borrow. When the Radicals came into power in 1891 many thought the end of all things was at hand, but sixteen years of Radical Government have been sixteen years of progress, of increasing population and growing revenue, accompanied by experiments in State Socialism which have so far succeeded that there are no unemployed in New Zealand and no strikes, whilst women have votes and the aged have pensions. Much that Mr. Seddon did may be challenged, but his statesmanship was resourceful, far-sighted and self-reliant. Perhaps the keynote to his success is to be found in his confession that his greatest interest lay in the to-days and the to-morrows, not in the yesterdays, with which he had done. His aim was to make New Zealand the happiest and most prosperous of the States of an Empire whose best interests he was keen to promote. Sir John Ward, his successor in the premiership, in an introduction to Mr. Drummond's book, says of him, as Carlyle said of Abbot Samson, "A skilful man; full of cunning insight, lively interests, always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon". The book is full of attractive matter, though the matter is not always handled in the best way. Seddon's story is, however, one to be read and pondered over by all who have at heart the welfare of humanity in general or of the Empire in particular.

**"The Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal." The Anne of Exeter Volume.** By the Marquis of Rivigny and Raineval. London: Jack. 1907. 3 guineas net.

We doubt whether it is worth while either practically or genealogically to trace and collocate the descendants of any one particular ancestor or ancestress. Granted, however, that such an attempt is to be made, it is pleasing to note a successful issue. A colossal task of this nature has been undertaken by the Marquis of Rivigny, and he may be genuinely congratulated on the result of his labours. The compiler, who, it may be remembered, has already issued "The Blood Royal of Britain" (Tudor Roll), now gives us the second instalment of his Plantagenet trilogy. He has collected in a volume of over 800 pages the names and descents of more than twenty-five thousand living descendants of Anne (Plantagenet), Duchess of Exeter, the eldest sister of King Edward IV., and, as far as the span of human life allows us to judge, his industry is only equalled by his accuracy. It is curious to note that "now for the first time since her death, 430 years ago, the blood of the Duchess Anne is united with that of her brother Edward's royal descendants in the persons of the grandchildren of another King Edward", that is to say in the children of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife. For the general arrangement and admirable appearance of the present volume, which contains about a dozen illustrations, photogravures and photographs, we have nothing but praise.

**"The Natal Rebellion of 1906."** By Captain Walter Bosman. London: Longmans. 5s. 1907.

Captain Bosman tells the story of the native rising in Natal last year in a soldier's simple straightforward way. He was on the staff of Colonel McKenzie—who writes an appreciative introductory note—and consequently had the best of opportunities for understanding and judging the operations. "As a true and faithful portrayal of the history of the campaign," Colonel McKenzie is "of opinion that this book will be invaluable". To the soldier who desires to follow the operations, as to the historian of the colony, it will be of service. The action of the Government and the Natal Volunteers needs no better defence than Captain Bosman's plain statement. By neither native nor colonist will the affair, which cost the colony a million sterling, soon be forgotten. If the volume emphasizes our sense of the courage, resource and restraint of the little army under Colonel McKenzie, it will also add to our regret that respected chiefs like Sigananda should have been drawn into so hopeless an enterprise.

**"Early Chinese History."** By Herbert J. Allen. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1907. 5s.

The general committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been well advised in issuing this book with a disclaimer of responsibility for the views expressed by the author. Mr. Allen claims to have made the discovery that all the early classical books of China are forgeries, because the genuine works were destroyed at the burning of the books by the Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang in B.C. 113. He asserts that the so-called Confucian classics, the early Chinese histories—all, in short, of the ancient literature of China which has for centuries formed the basis of the ethics and the education of the Chinese and of their methods of thought and reasoning—are a stupendous forgery on the part of one of

China's greatest historians. Mr. Allen does not make out even a *prima facie* case in support of his astounding theory. He brings no evidence of any value to bear upon it, and if anyone can be found with sufficient patience to wade through the two hundred and eighty-five pages of dreary translation out of the three hundred pages of which the book consists he will be little wiser for his pains. The notes which follow each chapter are equally un-enlightening. In a concluding paragraph he invites the public to give their verdict as to whether or no he has proved his case. It will require a scholar of greater weight than Mr. Allen to overthrow the convictions held for ages past by the whole of the educated world of China, and we are not surprised at Mr. Allen's mild complaint that no one will take him seriously. The impression left by an attempt to read his book is that Mr. Allen is fortunate in having found a charitable institution such as the S.P.C.K. to undertake its publication.

## FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

**"Journal des Savants."** Janvier, Février. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. each number.

In "John Constable et les origines du paysage moderne" M. E. Michel gives us a charming sketch of Constable's homely career, and after discussing and characterising his genius scrutinises his influence on French landscape-painting during the last century. M. A. Hauvette's "La politique d'Aristophane" studies the great comic's political tendencies on the lines suggested by M. Maurice Croiset in his "Aristophane et les partis à Athènes". "Marie de Médicis" by M. G. Fagniez throws very interesting light on the intimate life of Henri IV.'s queen. M. R. Dussaud contributes a good article on "Le dieu phénicien Echmoun", whom he identifies with Adonis-Tammuz.

At the request of the editorial committee of the "Journal des Savants" Sir William Ramsay contributes in the February number a very interesting article on the history of the Royal Society. M. L. Léger's "Vacslav Hanka et ses correspondants slaves, premier article", sums up the extraordinary scientific career of one of the cleverest literary forgers of last century—the Macpherson of the Slav world. "L'Aventin dans l'Antiquité", by M. G. Bloch, is a good contribution to the history of Roman democracy. M. J. Guiffrey shows us what a rich documentary mine the "Actes notariés parisiens du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle" constitute. M. Ch. de la Roncière, in his "Les premières explorations françaises aux Pôles", records some romantic attempts towards reaching the North and the South Pole during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

**"Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres" (Fondation Eugène Piot). Tome XV. Premier et deuxième fascicule. Paris: Leroux. 40 fr.**

This volume ranks among the most important yet published in this magnificent collection, as it contains M. Lauer's full descriptive report on "Le Trésor du Sancta Sanctorum", which we have already had occasion to mention à propos of the author's article on the same subject in the "Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne" for July 1906 (see SATURDAY REVIEW, 11 August, 1906). The illustrations are magnificent.

**"Revue Archéologique."** Novembre-Décembre 1906. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr.

M. H. Hubert's "La Collection Moreau au Musée de S. Germain" is a report on excavations made during the 'seventies by M. Frédéric Moreau of a Gallo-Roman cemetery in the district of Fère-en-Tardenois. "Statues antiques inédites de musées italiens", by M. Seymour de Ricci, is a very valuable contribution to our documentary knowledge of antique sculpture. Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "Notes on a Journey through Cilicia and Lycaonia" are devoted this time to the ruins at Daouleh. M. W. Deonna gives us a short but very interesting article "Sur une tête en terre cuite de l'Antiquarium de Berlin", and M. Pericle Ducati, writing "Sul Dionisio della Gigantomachia di Pergamo", points out the analogy between this figure and one painted on a small Attic aryballos of the fourth century, also at Berlin. Mr. Howard Crosby Butler studies "The Tychaion at Is-Sanamén and the Plan of Early Churches in Syria", and M. Pierre Paris gives us an excellent and most interesting article on "Le Trésor de Jévea" in Spain.

**"L'Art et les Artistes."** Janvier, Février. Paris: 173 Boulevard St. Germain. 1.50 fr. each number.

M. Henri Marcel pays full justice to "Lorenzo Lotto", whose magnificent pictures were at one time much underrated. "Corot, peintre de la femme", by M. Gustave Geffroy, shows us the great landscape-painter under a less known but very powerful aspect. M. Camille Maclair devotes a somewhat guarded dithyramb to Sargent, whose works he unreservedly admires, but whose stupendous facility rather frightens him.

In "Poussin novateur et paysagiste" (February) M. Raymond Bouyer conclusively shows that, considering his time, the great French painter of the seventeenth century was a real innovator: this was also Eugène Delacroix's opinion. M. Paul



Gsell gives us an account of a visit he has paid to Rodin's studio at Meudon under the artist's guidance, and records the master's ideas on his own works and art in general: these ideas, if very lyrical, do not always appear as equally sound. M. Maurice Guillemot reviews in the two numbers several interesting art exhibitions held in Paris during January and February.

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Janvier, Février. Paris: 8 rue Favart. 7.50 fr. each number.

"Les récentes Acquisitions du Département des Peintures au Musée du Louvre (1906)", by M. Paul Leprieux, chiefly deals with the beautiful portrait of the primitive French school, "L'Homme au verre de vin", the pendant of the celebrated "L'Homme à l'œillet" at Berlin; the author rejects the attribution of the picture to Fouquet: all one can say is that it is the work of a fifteenth-century painter from the North of France, labouring under very strong Flemish influences. M. Maurice Tournoux contributes an excellent article on "La Donation Etienne Moreau-Nélaton au Musée du Louvre"; the collection, now provisionally exhibited at the "Arts Décoratifs", comprises standard works of the modern French school from Delacroix and Corot down to Monet, Sisley, and Carrière. M. Paul Jamot concludes his masterly "Salon d'automne" with a most interesting study on "L'exposition de l'Art russe", and M. Emil Jacobsen continues his "Quelques maîtres des vieilles écoles néerlandaises et allemandes à la Galerie de Bruxelles": this second article is mainly devoted to the "Triptyque d'Oultremont", and discusses the several hypotheses which have been put forward as to the authorship

(Continued on page 468.)

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of this celebrated early sixteenth-century picture. In his "Correspondance d'Allemagne" Mr. William Ritter reviews "Les Expositions moderne et rétrospective de Munich".

Under the heading "L'Art préhellénique en Crète" M. René Dussaud contributes in the February number an interesting summary of the actual results of the excavations in Crete, comprising the articles at the Museum of Candia and the buildings at Cnossos, Phæstos, and Haghia Triada. The last visit of Goya, to France, in 1824 when the greatest of Spanish painters after Velasquez was over seventy-eight, forms the object of an excellent article by M. Paul Lafond: "Les dernières années de Goya en France". "Un protecteur de l'art français dans la vallée d'Aoste au XV<sup>e</sup> siècle" throws light on the very interesting figure of Georges de Challant, a Savoy nobleman, and on his influence on art manifestations between 1460 and 1509.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." Janvier, Février. Paris: 28 rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr. each number.

M. Louis de Fourcaud's first two articles on "Honoré Fragonard" are most pleasant reading: here we have a judicious monograph of the charming but very frivolous painter, paying full justice to his merits, without falling into the absurd exaggeration of many modern critics who would put him on a level with the greatest artists. M. Gustave Mendel concludes his interesting sketch of "Les Grands champs de fouilles de l'Orient grec en 1905", devoted this time to Aigina, Delos, and the German excavations in Asia Minor. M. Marcel Nicolle has a short notice on the deeply impressive "Portrait de Mme. de Calonne au Musée du Louvre". M. Prosper Dorbec's "Le Portrait pendant la Révolution (I.)" is an interesting contribution to the history of art during a rather inartistic period. M. Jules Claretie concludes his study on "Ernest Hébert", and M. Henri Clouzot illustrates in a clever way "Les Bijoux populaires français". The extra-plate "Le Port de Rouen, lithographie originale de M. L. Alleaume" (in colour), is very effective.

In "Giotto à Assise: les scènes de la vie de Saint-François" (February) M. C. Bayet shows a thorough understanding of the greatest perhaps of all painters, ancient and modern, and of his frescoes at Assisi. M. Gabriel Mourey reviews "Impressions d'Italie" by Edgar Chahine; the two aquafortis by this young engraver here published show in their author a full command of his art.

For this Week's Books see page 470.



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The Secretary (Mr. F. H. Williams) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said that as regards the present prospects of the mine as a whole he thought Mr. Edgar Taylor would tell them they are more cheerful than they have been for a good long time past. The improvement in the average quality of their ore milled last year is satisfactory as far as it goes, amounting to rather more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  dwt. per ton, and that makes a difference to us of some good few thousands of pounds. The number of tons milled was 125,337, which yielded 57,877 oz. of gold at the rate per ton of 9 dwt. 11 gr., against the figures last year of 121,779 tons and 53,080 oz. showing a quality of 8 dwt. 21 gr. per ton. As regards the tailings, they did not do quite so well as in 1905, when the total number of ounces was over 12,000, and this year they were only 11,000 oz. The progress of development leaves nothing to be desired. "Turning to our finances, the position is made so clear by means of figures in our detailed accounts that you will not wish me to do more than deal with certain interesting classes of figures, though, of course, I shall be glad to answer, to the best of my ability, any question that any gentleman may be pleased to ask me as to any of the numerous items. In the first place you will see, from the balance-sheet that we have now devoted our £50,000 premium received on shares issued some years ago to reducing the balances at debit on the following three accounts: leasehold mining rights, Oakley's Shaft, and the new vertical shaft. Then the following outlays of the year have been charged to capital account, namely, £31,318 19s. 8d. on buildings, machinery, and plant; £16,158 8s. 8d. on the new vertical shaft, and £125 15s. 10d. on furniture and livestock; making together £38,603 3s. 3d. As to these items being properly chargeable to capital account of course there cannot be the slightest question; but turning to the profit and loss account, our disposable profit for the year is shown to be £75,927. That includes, however, a few hundreds carried forward from last year, and another few hundreds derived from dividends on our investments in the Kolar Mines Power Station. Of that sum the following amounts have already been disposed of. First of all, we have devoted a sum of no less than £15,891 5s. 8d. to reduction of debit balances on certain stated items of capital account; next we found the money for payment of income-tax, £4,593 14s., and then comes the service of the two interim dividends, £28,475. The total thus already disposed of is £48,960 19s. 8d., leaving to be carried forward to the credit side of the balance-sheet £26,974 0s. 8d. Out of this last item we propose to you to-day to sanction the payment of a third or final dividend for the year of 9d. per share on both classes of shares, which will absorb £25,612 12s. On your sanctioning this final dividend, we shall have paid in dividends for the year a sum of £54,687 0s. 10d., being at the rate of 1s. 3d. per share, or 12½ per cent. on each 10s. ordinary share and 2s. 3d. per share, or 22½ per cent. on each preference share. As regards the question of increasing our capital, we, the directors, I can assure you, are quite alive to the fact that this is a disagreeable thing to have to do as any of our critics in the press. The question for you, however, is to judge whether, in our own par-

ticular case, and under our own present conditions and prospects, the step is not appropriate, and whether, being appropriate, it does not, happily, obviate the necessity of still more disagreeable steps. As to its propriety, that, of course, is a question largely of degree of the amount wanted, in comparison with the prospects, as we may regard them. To us it does not appear likely to overload our Company to any very serious extent. The service of interest upon £68,000—taking it at the rate of 12½ per cent., which was the sum we paid in 1905 to the ordinary shareholders—amounts to £8,500. The mine looks now as if it could bear that burden, if funds are provided to help along the capital expenditure as it goes on for the next few years. Really, there is only one alternative. The only other efficacious step that could be taken would be for you to forbid us to pay the third dividend, and also to take away from our presently-accruing profits, for the purpose of laying the whole on to capital expenditure. You will observe that that course would infallibly require that only the preference dividend of 10 per cent. should be paid during the current year, together with a very small dividend upon the ordinary shares. Well, a step so drastic as this we do not think the circumstances at all demand. It will, moreover, have two special disadvantages—one being that the preference shares would undoubtedly be unduly benefited, as compared with the ordinary shares, and the other is that the ordinary shareholder would not only lose his interest for the time, but would also, in all human probability, see the current value of his principal—for the time, at least—decrease considerably. Well, it is for you to determine on what lines your own business shall be conducted. You, at all events, know the facts, and you can decide whether the course the directors propose to adopt is fitting, under the circumstances. So far as we yet know, the vast majority of the shareholders think as we have thought in the matter, probably moved by the same process of reasoning. A few—I may honestly and truly say a very few—of our shareholders have communicated with us, expressing disapproval, either by word of mouth or by letter; so that we venture to hope that you will cheerfully sanction this issue of fresh capital, and that we shall all, when the time comes, be prepared to take up our proportion of the new shares, so making, I think, a very good, substantial investment, and most clearly calculated to advantage the investment we already hold." He then explained the conditions on which the new capital is to be issued and called upon the secretary to read a "very satisfactory" telegram just received from the mine.

Mr. Edgar Taylor, in seconding the adoption of the report, made a statement as to the development operations, and after a lengthy discussion on the subject of the increase of capital the motion was adopted, with one dissentient.

The Chairman next moved: "That a balance dividend, free of income tax, for the year ended December 31, 1906, of 9d. per share be declared, payable on April 10, 1907, to the registered holders on March 20 last, both of ordinary and preference shares."

Mr. Edgar Taylor seconded the motion.

Mr. L. P. Swinborne proposed as an amendment: "That the £25,000, or 9d. per share, be not declared as dividend, but that the amount be appropriated to the purposes of the mine, and that the number of additional shares proposed to be offered for subscription be reduced by one-half."

The Solicitor ruled that this was not an amendment, but a direct negative to the dividend resolution.

Mr. Swinborne agreed to the point being dealt with as a direct negative, whereupon the original motion was carried, eight shareholders dissenting.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Company was then held, for the purpose of submitting a resolution that the capital of the Company be increased to £410,000 by the creation of 137,000 additional ordinary shares of 10s. each.

The resolution was carried, seven votes being recorded against it. Mr. F. W. P. Swinborne proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff of the Company, which Mr. Giles seconded, and it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman replied, and the proceedings terminated.

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Under the Regulations of the Company the amount of all its Debenture Debts  
combined may not exceed the amount of the Share Capital for the time being issued  
or agreed to be issued.

### TRUSTEES.

HENRY F. TIARKS, Esq., BARON BRUNO SCHRÖDER.  
GENERAL SIR REGINALD THOMAS THYNNE, K.C.B.

Messrs. J. HENRY SCHRÖDER & CO., having acquired £800,000 Five  
per cent. Irredeemable Debenture Stock (1906) of the above-mentioned Company,  
beg to offer the same to the holders of the existing Ordinary, Preference, and  
Debenture Stocks of the Company at £106 per £100 Stock, payable as follows:—

£5 per cent. on application.		
15	"	allotment.
15	"	24th May, 1907.
20	"	25th June, 1907.
25	"	29th July, 1907.
25	"	30th Aug., 1907.

£106 per cent.

Stock may be applied for in any amount being a multiple of £1.  
Scrip will be issued after allotment and will be exchangeable on and after  
10th September next free of expense for certificates of the Stock in the names of  
the Scrip-holders, who will be entitled to the full interest accruing from the 1st July  
next, being the equivalent of interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the respective  
instalments from their due dates.

Allottees will have the option of paying up in full on Allotment, or on the date  
of any subsequent instalment, under discount at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum.  
The failure to pay any instalment when due renders all previous payments liable  
to forfeiture.

Where the amount allotted is less than that applied for, the surplus will be  
applied towards the amount payable on Allotment. If no Allotment is made, the  
deposit will be returned without deduction.

Holders of Ordinary Stock of the Company will have priority in Allotment in  
proportion to their holdings. Applicants being holders of Bearer Warrants should,  
when applying, state the amount of their holdings. Production of the Warrants  
may be required.

THIS Company's lines have been recently augmented by the acquisition of the  
Cárdenas and Jucaro Railway as from the 1st of January, 1906, and of the Matanzas  
Railway as from the 1st of July, 1906, so that the combined undertaking now  
includes 641 miles of railway. The undertaking is situated in the most important  
and central part of the Island of Cuba, and is in communication with other railways  
extending through the whole island.

In order to efficiently handle the enormous and increasing traffic of the system,  
large extensions and improvements at the Villanueva terminus, in the City of

Havana, involving a very heavy expenditure, were at first contemplated, but by  
arrangements now being made with the Havana Central Railroad Company, a con-  
siderable amount of this expenditure will be avoided.

These arrangements have been facilitated through the purchase by the United  
Railways of the Havana of \$2,350,000 5 per cent. Bonds and \$4,112,500 Stock of the  
Havana Central Company, and the Stock now offered has been issued to meet the  
above-mentioned purchases, and to provide moneys required in connection with these  
arrangements.

The acquisition of the above-mentioned interest in the Havana Central Company  
will enable the general traffic of the large and important districts served by the com-  
bined Systems to be developed, through their harmonious working.

The Havana Central Railroad Company is an American Corporation with an  
issued capital of \$10,000,000 of 5 per cent. Bonds and \$3,162,500 Stock. Its lines,  
which are operated electrically, have only recently been opened for traffic, and  
therefore no returns are yet available. It has now two lines in operation, one from  
Havana to Güines, and another from Havana to Guanajay. It also owns a large  
and well equipped pier with warehouse accommodation, known as Paula Wharf, an  
Electric Power Station capable of supplying power and lighting to the whole of  
Havana and its suburbs, and a complete system of workshops equipped with  
machinery of the most modern type. Its terminus is most advantageously situated  
on the Harbour of Havana, and is in direct communication with the Paula Wharf.  
It also owns a system of ferry boats which cross the Bay to Regia, and an electric  
tram line in connection therewith to Guanabacoa.

The net revenues of the three Systems now forming the United  
Railways of the Havana, taken together for their respective  
financial years of 1906, were .. .. £493,530

The annual amount required to pay the interest on all the Deben-  
ture Issues of the Company, including the present Issue, will  
be .. .. £231,500

The gross receipts of the three Systems during the period from 1st July, 1905, to  
31st March, 1906, were £320,241, while the gross receipts for the same period of the  
present financial year were £910,811, being an increase of £590,570.

Copies of the Deed of Trust securing this Debenture Stock, which is dated the  
25th January, 1906, and of the Deeds supplemental thereto, dated 26th April, 1906,  
15th November, 1906, and 4th April, 1907, made between the Company of the one  
part and the above-mentioned Trustees of the other part, together with a copy of the  
Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company and of the Contracts  
under which Messrs. J. HENRY SCHRÖDER & CO. acquired the Debenture Stock at  
£106 per cent. (they paying all issue expenses), can be seen at the Offices of their  
Solicitors, Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., of 17 Throgmorton Avenue,  
London, E.C., or at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Forms of application may be obtained from Messrs. J. HENRY SCHRÖDER & CO.,  
145 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., and from Messrs. W. GREENWELL & CO.,  
2 Finch Lane, London, E.C.  
London, 10th April, 1907.

## UNITED RAILWAYS OF THE HAVANA AND REGLA WAREHOUSES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

### SHARE CAPITAL.

ISSUED AND FULLY PAID—		
Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock .. ..	£770,000	
Ordinary Stock and Shares .. ..	4,760,000	
	£5,530,000	

UNISSUED—		
73,000 Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, con- vertible when fully paid into Stock .. ..	£730,000	

### DEBENTURE ISSUES OUTSTANDING.

Five per cent. "A" Irredeemable Debenture Stock .. ..	£380,000
Five per cent. Consolidated Irredeemable Debenture Stock ..	1,425,900
Five per cent. Irredeemable Debenture Stock (1906)* in- cluding present issue .. ..	2,824,100
	£4,630,000

\* (Of which £167,000 is reserved for issue on redemption or conversion of a  
corresponding amount of outstanding Bonds of 1890.)

### Directors.

E. M. UNDERDOWN, Esq., K.C., Chairman.  
Señor JUAN FRANCISCO ARGÜELLES.  
Sir HENRY MATHER JACKSON, Bart.  
CHARLES J. CATER SCOTT, Esq.  
HARRISON HODGSON, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.  
Hon. ARTHUR O. CRICHTON.  
Exmo. A. G. DE BUSTAMANTE, MARQUES DEL SOLAR.  
Señor TIRSO MESA.

### Solicitors.

Messrs. NORTON, ROSE, BARRINGTON & CO., 57½ Old Broad Street,  
London, E.C.

### Auditors.

Messrs. DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS & CO., 5 London Wall  
Buildings, London, E.C.

### Secretary and Offices.

W. J. MASLEN, 276 Dashwood House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.



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**COUGHS, COLDS,  
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# THE AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS,

To be submitted to the Shareholders at the Third Ordinary General Meeting of the Company, to be held at the Company's Offices, Lewis & Marks Building, Johannesburg, on Tuesday, the 7th day of May, 1907, at 12 noon.

Johannesburg: 18th March, 1907.  
To the Shareholders.—Your Directors beg to submit their Second Annual Report and the Audited Accounts of the Company for the twelve months ending 31st December, 1906.

### CAPITAL.

Since the closing of the year under review arrangements have been made for the increase of the capital of the Company, to enable the agreement entered into with the Transvaal Proprietary Limited to be carried into effect. The resolution authorising an increase of 250,000 shares was passed at a Special General Meeting held in Johannesburg on the 29th January last, but, as for legal reasons it was found impossible to obtain registration of this increase, a further Special General Meeting has been called for 7th May next, at which resolutions will be submitted for the revision of the previous resolutions and to authorise the increase of the capital by 200,000 shares only, viz., to £1,700,000. Should this resolution be passed, the total issued capital of the Company, after completion of the purchase of the assets of the Transvaal Proprietary Limited, referred to hereunder, will be 1,538,592 shares, which will leave a balance of 161,408 shares in reserve.

### PROPERTIES.

The land holdings of your Company at 31st December last were practically as set out in the last Annual Report, with the exception that certain farms in which your Company had a partial interest have been transferred to three subsidiary companies, the L. & B. Exploration Company Limited, the Zand-Rivier Exploration Company Limited, and the Snyman's Drift Exploration Company Limited, which have been formed with the object of developing the properties acquired.

The area of freehold ground owned by your Company, including the properties being taken over from the Transvaal Proprietary Limited, comprises a total of 2,011,037 acres, the following being a summary:—

No. of Farms.	District.	Morgen.	Square Roods.
49	Marico	157,042	247
2	Pretoria	2,906	139
1	Middelburg	2,714	272
29	Rustenburg	77,920	93
10	Bloemhof	25,592	484
4	Wolmaranstad	9,474	311
44	Lichtenburg	124,834	346
3	Potchefstroom	11,674	283
4	Lydenburg	15,069	10
5	Waterberg	19,694	575
1	Ermelo	2,834	528
3	Zoutpansberg	7,468	388
3	Boshof (O.R.C.)	13,589	495
2	Vrededorp (O.R.C.)	2,226	52
160		477,692	553

In addition your Company will, when the necessary registrations and transfers are completed, hold 30,000 shares of the nominal value of £1 each, being the whole of the issued capital of the Bechuanaand Farms Limited, a company which has been formed to acquire the following freehold ground, viz.:—

No. of Farms.	District	Morgen.	Square Roods.
8	Mafeking (British Bechuanaand)	12,634	95
34	Vryburg	106,499	318
		119,133	413

equal to 252,146 English acres.

A map showing the position of the farms owned by the Company in the western districts of the Transvaal, where the greater portion of its property is situated, is enclosed herewith.

### SHARE INTERESTS.

During the severe depression that existed in the South African market last year your Directors took advantage of the opportunity which occurred of making further investments, whereby the average cost of the shares previously held by the Company was considerably reduced. They have also during the year considerably increased the Company's share interest in Roberts Victor Diamonds Limited, the holding in that company now showing a very substantial appreciation in value.

The debenture and share investments held at 31st December last stood in the books at a cost of £784,433 *od.*, of which £503,926 *18s. 6d.* was represented by shares which had a quotation on the Stock Exchange. The balance of £280,506 *12s. 7d.* is represented by shares for which there is at the present time no Stock Exchange quotation.

Your Directors have every hope that during the present year more settled conditions will prevail in the Transvaal under the new Responsible Government, and should these hopes be realised, your Company, in view of its large and important holdings in various South African land and mining companies, should benefit to a very great extent in the general prosperity which they confidently anticipate will result.

### ROBERTS VICTOR DIAMONDS LIMITED.

The results obtained by this Company during the past year have in every way justified the expectations formed by your Directors as to the great promise of the mine. From the commencement of washing operations in June last up to the 31st December a total of 29,657 loads were washed, which produced 20,406 carats of diamonds, an average return of 68 carats per 100 loads, the diamonds being of high quality. The returns for the months of January, February, and March, 1907, have yielded 29,511 carats of diamonds from 39,503 loads washed, equal to nearly 75 carats per 100 loads, so that the yield from the beginning of washing operations up to the end of February, 1907, has been 49,917 carats from 69,170 loads, equal to 70 carats per 100 loads washed.

An interim dividend of 5s. per share has just been declared by the Company.

### TRANSSVAAL PROPRIETARY LIMITED.

The shareholders have been advised by the circular of 7th December last of the land interests, investments, and cash assets which have been acquired from the Transvaal Proprietary Limited. The properties taken over are, in the opinion of your Board, of very considerable value, and will greatly strengthen the powerful position already held by your Company as the largest landowner in the Western Transvaal. Many of the farms acquired adjoin those previously held by your Company, and the consolidation of these land interests will considerably decrease the cost of supervision and facilitate any scheme which may be decided upon for the settlement of the land.

The Company also acquires by this purchase certain stocks and shares of high class character, the value of which was at 31st December last approximately £60,000. These stock and share assets do not appear in the balance sheet, as the purchase was not completed at the end of the year.

### MINING DEVELOPMENTS.

Active prospecting operations have been continued during the year on the Company's farms in the Pietersburg District. Numerous reefs have been located on the properties, and development work carried out on the most promising of these. On the Farm Snyman's Drift, one of the reefs, which has been followed at surface for about 400 feet along the strike, has been opened up for some distance by means of adit levels, the developments having proved a quantity of payable ore. Plans are now being drawn up for the development of this mine on a larger scale, and in the meantime prospecting operations are proceeding to prove the value of other reefs on this and the adjoining Farm Zand-Rivier.

Prospecting for diamonds has been undertaken on the Company's properties in the Boshof District of the Orange River Colony, particularly on the Farm Elandsfontein, which adjoins the Roberts Victor Mine, but no pipe has so far been located.

Some discoveries of diamondiferous alluvial have been reported from the Zoutpansberg District, and these discoveries are receiving the attention of the Board.

The Company has many farms in the Marico District, in the neighbourhood of the Malmari Goldfields; in the Bloemhof District, in the vicinity of the Abelskop and Botmansrust Mines; and in the Lichtenburg District near the Madibi Goldfields, from which very favourable developments have recently been reported. If the work now being carried out on these properties continues satisfactory, your Board will consider the question of starting prospecting operations on some of the Company's farms in the neighbourhood.

### FARMING OPERATIONS.

Increased attention has been given to the agricultural possibilities of the many valuable farms owned by the Company, more especially in the western district of the Transvaal. The Marico District in particular is one of the most favoured parts for agricultural purposes, being well watered and rich in grass land, and the soil being prolific in the production of crops such as wheat, oats, barley, tobacco and fruit and vegetables of all kinds. The opening of the Krugersdorp-Zeerust Railway, which may be expected very shortly, will greatly increase the value of land in this neighbourhood, by facilitating transport of market products to the various centres, and the Marico District will then bid fair to be one of the great market growing centres of the Transvaal. Your Company are the freehold owners of a very large extent of land in this district, namely, 330,000 acres, and as it possesses great mineral possibilities as well as good agricultural value your Directors consider this block of farms as one of their most valuable assets. Endeavours are being made to obtain white settlers, and assistance is being offered them in reinstating the homesteads and in putting down wells for water, while rewards will be offered for the discovery of any payable reefs on the properties leased to them.

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

It will be seen from the Profit and Loss Account that after writing off £19,357 *3s. 2d.* for Administration and Office Expenses in South Africa, London, and Paris, £4,422 *3s. 9d.* for engineering and other expenses incurred during the year, and £1,185 *11s. 9d.* from Preliminary Expenses, the balance of receipts over expenditure for the year amounts to the sum of £7,103 *13s. 6d.* This, with the balance of £2,609 *14s. 10d.* brought forward from last year, making a total of £9,713 *8s. 4d.*, it is proposed to carry forward.

### DIRECTORS.

Three of your Directors, namely, Messrs. J. N. de Jongh, Samuel Marks, and Julius Weil, retire in accordance with Article 103 of the Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.

### AUDITORS.

The Auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, Annan & Co., also retire, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election. The Shareholders are asked to appoint Auditors and to fix their remuneration for the ensuing year.

By Order of the Board,

G. D. MASSEY, Secretary.

## BULGARIAN SIX PER CENT. LOAN OF 1888.

### OFFER OF CONVERSION.

REFERRING to the Official Notification, dated 7th April, 1907, for repayment of the above Loan on the 1st August, 1907, the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, Paris, Contractor for the Bulgarian Loan of 1888, offers, through MESSRS. STERN BROTHERS, to holders of the 6 PER CENT. BONDS OF 1888 the privilege of EXCHANGE into new 4½ PER CENT. BONDS on the terms mentioned hereunder.

The following particulars are taken from the French Prospectus:—

The 4½ per cent. Loan of 1907 for a total amount of £5,742,000 constitutes a direct liability of the Principality of Bulgaria.

It is besides specially secured:—

(1) By the surplus of the taxes known as "Banderole de Tabac" and "Impôt du Timbre," after due provision has been made for the service of the 5 per cent. Loans of 1902 and 1904.

And subsidiarily:—

(2) By the surplus of the tax "Moorourie" after due provision has been made for the service of the 5 per cent. Loans of 1902 and 1904.

The proceeds of the Loan will be applied towards repayment of the outstanding amount of the 6 per cent. Loans of 1888 and 1889, the construction of new railways and general purposes.

The Loan is redeemable within 60 years by means of half-yearly drawings at par, on the 1st January and 1st July in each year, commencing 1st January, 1908. The Drawn Bonds will be payable on the 1st February and 1st August following the Drawings. The Bulgarian Government undertakes not to repay the Loan before the 1st November, 1915. The Bonds will be of £10 10s. nominal, each bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August, and both Capital and interest will be exempt from all Bulgarian taxes, present and future.

The offer of conversion is based on the following terms:—

For every £20 in 6 per Cent. Bonds of 1888 Holders are entitled to one 4½ per Cent. Bond of £19 16s., and £2 8s. 10d. in Cash.

In the case of the amount of cash being equivalent to the value of a new Bond, at the issue price of 90 per cent., Scrip is offered in lieu of cash.

The amount payable in cash for every £20 in old Bonds represents the difference between the par value of the Bonds called for repayment and the issue price of 90 per cent. for the new Bonds, adjustment of interest, and conversion bonus. A detailed statement can be obtained on application.

Holders of the old Bonds desirous of exercising the privilege of conversion must deposit their Bonds with Messrs. Stern Brothers NOT LATER THAN THE 22nd APRIL, 1907, between the hours of Eleven and Two o'clock, Saturdays excepted.

The Bonds, bearing Coupons due 1st August, 1907, and all subsequent Coupons, must be left at least three clear days for examination. English fully-paid Scrip, bearing interim Coupon for 4s. 5½d., payable 1st August, 1907, will be issued on and after 22nd April, 1907. Definitive Bonds, with Coupon payable 1st February, 1908, will be issued as soon as ready against Scrip Certificates, and in addition to the English stamp will bear the French stamp.

Copies of the full French Prospectus can be had on application to Messrs. Stern Brothers, 6 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

London, April 1907.

## NATIONAL DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.

Subscribed Capital	£4,233,385
Paid Up	846,665
Reserve Fund	409,000

Notice is hereby given, that the RATES OF INTEREST allowed for Money on deposit are REDUCED as follows:—

To Three per Cent. per annum at call.

To Three and a Quarter per Cent. at seven and fourteen days' notice.

PHILIP HAROLD WADE, Manager.

WATKIN W. WILLIAMS, Sub-Manager.

Approved mercantile bills discounted. Loans granted upon negotiable securities. Money received on deposit at call and short notice, and interest allowed at the current market rates, and for longer periods upon specially agreed terms.

No. 35 Cornhill, E.C., 11th April, 1907.

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